WATCH FOR "LOVE'S GUILTY DREAM," BY ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.

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IN MASQUERADE;

OR, THE LUCK OF A FREE LANCE. By William R. Eyster.

"Blast ye both for a pair of sneaks."

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SPHINX GIVES ME A RIDDLE.

When I felt that grip I certainly had no fear for myself. In the old time, when I had nothing better to do, I received as thorough a grounding in all things pertaining to athletics as was possible for a youngster to take in. Since then I had kept in good exercise. The fellow who could hold me for a wager would earn all he got. It was not on my account the thrill went through me from heel to eyebrow. It was through fear for Lorena and her mother. I thought of them while I was acting; and act I did, without hesitation.

Back went my head, striking the fellow fairly on the nose, whilst at the same time by a swift motion of the elbows I forced apart his arms when he was cringing from the pain of the thump I had given him. To grasp him by wrist and hair, giving a wrench, a twist and a jerk as I sunk to one knee, was the work of but a moment. He came down on his back in front of me with a crash, fairly flung over my head.

The breath was out of his body, and the sense out of his brain. Before he had given his second gasp I whirled him over, caught him around the waist, head down and back toward me. Holding him thus I leaped into the room beyond.

Half-way Whetstone met me. The struggle, brief though it was, had made no little noise, and as it was going on across his avenue of retreat he was coming to take a hand in it. I saw him throw up his arm, and gave my burden a flirt just as there was a deafening report, followed by a howl and a squirm from my living shield, who received the bullet intended for me. Before Whetstone could fire again I had dropped my load and leaped upon him.

I might not have easily handled him had he not bothered with the pistol. He had thrown up his hand again, no doubt intending to fire when the barrel dropped into line, but my arm shot under his. Then I had him over my hip, twisting him under me as he fell and settling down upon him with both knees.

"Sure, an' Oi have him now, the bloody shpalpeen. Take houlit av the wapein, me leddy, an' watch him whoile Oi look after Miss Loreny. It's throuble Oi am afeared she's in, hot an' heavy."

Fortunately, I did not forget my brogue. Mrs. Marchmont recognized me and darted for the revolver.

"Fling the villain out of the window and be done with him!" she exclaimed. "Lorena needs us."

"Out wid him, an' may the curse av Cromwill follyf"

I lifted him without a thought of anything but to obey. In an instant more there would have been a crashing of glass. Fortunately, Mrs. Marchmont recovered her self-control in time and caught me. He was already swinging back for the send-off.

"No! Wait—stop! It would kill him. Lorena is safe. I hear the other wretches running away."

And sure enough, the men detailed to look after the young lady had been seized with a panic and were thumping down the stairway, one over the other, whilst a patrolman was rapping sharply at the front door and a couple of feminine servitors were shouting from the story above.

"They must get away. They must escape. Here—put him down and I will kill him if he does not obey. Let him drag off his confederate. Help me, yourself! Out! The back way! Lorena, call to the policeman that it was an accidental discharge of a pistol, with no one hurt, and that we will admit him as soon as we can dress. Hurry!"

She was more flurried, now when we had conquered, than when standing face to face with danger of her life. Lorena was a good deal the cooler; and Marcus Whetstone was cotest of all, though covered by a cocked pistol in the hands of a woman almost wild with excitement.

I still kept my hand on his collar, and was ready for any trickery, but he accepted

the situation. Though out of breath, his voice sounding decidedly wheezy, he promptly spoke up:

"Flag of truce it is—until the next time. If Jack is not too badly hurt, and you can give us five minutes start, we will be all right. If he can't move, you had better blow his brains out, so he can't talk, and I'll have a better chance to look out for myself."

He meant it, too; but Jack, who had been groaning on the floor, was not so badly hurt as he might have been. The bullet had struck the front of the fibula bone, halfway between knee and ankle, shattering it somewhat in the passage, but causing no great flow of blood. I saw it was even yet possible to prevent publicity; and with Lorena calling out of the window, and Mrs. Marchmont all the time keeping an aim at Whetstone's head, he and I got the wounded man between us and marched him down the stairs and out of the back door. Then I spoke to Mrs. Marchmont:

"Now, ye plaze, give me the pishtol. It's not the hoss' gang Oi an' poinin' to fight with, an' as long as Oi'm here Oi'll kape him Oi will kill dead on the shpot. Oi can shoot to the bridth av a hair."

"You shall not, Mr. Peaffy, but if I were you I wouldn't go any further. The temptation might be too great for the boys—how you got away I don't understand. That will do. So long. We'll be communicating well; and there is a hack waiting for us around the corner of the alley."

Now he felt his knee, and, shooting, Whetstone spoke as bold as brass and cold as iron. Mrs. Marchmont called to her own servant in haste, and closing the door we got in front just as Miss Lorena was opening to confer with the policeman. The ladies had their wrappers on, and were presentable—at least to a policeman, and to guardian of the peace, Mrs. Marchmont laughed a little hysterically, though I imagined the suggestion of such sort of condition was unwarranted.

"You will have to pardon me for all this excitement, but I imagined I saw a man concealed at my window, and I fired at the villain. It was my fault he shot; but it gives me an opportunity to see how well you can redeem your promise of special protection. It shall not be forgotten."

I have not a doubt but the officer was the better off by a ten for his prompt appearance, just after the excitement was all wanted. I could see plainly enough there was an arrangement between him and Mrs. Marchmont, and was glad of it. He asked no questions, but after a few things were said went away grumbling over what he thought had been a false alarm.

Mrs. Marchmont turned and looked me over. I confess I was unprepared for what she said.

"O'Rourke, do you know, I am beginning to be afraid of you. In my turn out you go sidine. It was my fault he shot; but it gives me an opportunity to see how well you can redeem your promise of special protection. It shall not be forgotten."

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"Ahhh Father Murphy—though I will not concede from you Oi have at times taken a dhrap av the craythure—niver to excise. Only Oi made it, an' it's niver beyonde the loine."

Pardon my question, but I never had a man about who had not some fault, and it struck me if you should happen to get over the line you would think it might be uncomfortable to have in the house. Ten or a dozen detectives would be scarcely too many for you in order, once you started on the warpath. Why did you happen to come around on the scene?"

I thought it as well to drop the subject of personal delinquencies, and so, briefly explained to her how I had taken a view of the house before making the call, and noted that the shutters of the room and the open door. While investigating below, I had heard the voices above; and she knew the rest. If I had not acted decidedly enough I was sorry; but I had not felt certain how far the law would bear me out in killing the intruder before I certain that he was in danger of death.

The thanks I received were certainly warm enough to satisfy me of her deep gratitude. The ladies would not allow me to go to the stable for the night; partly on their account, but more, I firmly believe, on mine. I was possessed of a lounge in one of the lower rooms and slept the undisturbed slumber of the just. Miss Lorena's experience had been how I did not hear, and, of course, asked no questions. It was enough to know she had passed through unharmed.

After this, matters went on quietly for several days. A woman occupied the position vacated by Thomas; and she remained the only masculine about the house. I had plenty to keep my hands employed, and could never imagined myself as having a thoroughly trusted.

Of this I was to receive final proof. Friday morning Mrs. Marchmont rang for me.

When I presented myself she was sitting at a table in the room where I first met her husband. Looking up gravely she said:

"O'Rourke, can you undertake a weighty commission, and absolutely forget all about it when you've finished with it?"

"You can trust me wid your loife; and for the commission—sure, an' I won't charge you a cint."

She never smiled at my "blunder," but went on:

I should attend to the affair myself, but, to tell the truth, I am afraid I am not so cunning as you are strong I believe you can elude observation, and leave my enemy none the wiser. If you are suspected and followed there may be a spice of danger, but I have no doubt you will manage to rist that.

"Will' not owvly to risk me loite, but make ye a prisint av it ontoy toime. Lit me know what ye want, an' be the powers it shall be done!"

"I desire you to deliver this packet with your own hands to the gentleman to whom it is addressed—Mr. Potter of Albany. He will be expecting a messenger from me. I need hardly tell you to be discreet, and it is not necessary for you to know your return. Perhaps it would be as well to remain over night."

The package seemed to contain legal documents of some kind, possibly of much value, but I was hardly prepared to receive along with it several bills, amounting in all to a hundred dollars.

"You have an important trust, and while I anticipate no trouble it is impossible to tell what contingencies may arise requiring an immediate outlay of money. I want you to feel perfectly at ease while you are away, and if you can save anything for yourself out of the amount you will not have been overpaid."

It went against the grain to allow this but I had to play out my character and trust to settling things right in the future. I took package and money, and after a few more directions and cautions retired to the stable. There I put on the suit in which I had applied for employment, and with a bundle in my hand, that looked like no good, stole out by the back way, reaching the road at length, and proceeding during a trail behind me.

The method was simple. I made my journey, keeping very much to myself, and found Mr. Potter without trouble or delay.

I could see he was a man of affairs, who could not be approached by any but the high-toned Mrs. Marchmont had chosen. Knowing that my appearance should be like dropping of guard, even for an hstant, I send as little as was possible, simply explaining that I was the lady's messenger, and that she knew I could be trusted. I took a receipt and came away.

The idea of leaving the ladies unprotected after having my suspicions of one all pleasant. Now that my business was done I had no thought of remaining over night, but got back to the city by the first train. I took my supper at a restaurant, and then went to my boarding house.

I unlocked the stable door and entered. The first thing which struck me was the emptiness. The lantern was hanging where I had left it in the morning. I lighted it and looked around.

There was debris, and there was nothing else. The double-seated carriage, harness, phaeton, saddles—all were gone.

Considine O'Rourke had taken care of me, and I ran up to the house, knocking anxiously on the door when the ring of the bell proved to be useless.

The house was, if anything, more desolate than the stable. Carpets and every sign of belongings had slipped away from me, and I stood in the open side threshold, half terrified, half indignant.

CHAPTER V.

MR. BEAMISH MAKES HIS REPORT.

Gone away! Flitted between morning and evening! Without leaving me service or pay! What did it mean? I declare, for the moment I could not think. I was in such a strong man had dealt me a blow in the face. I was dazed, bewildered, stupefied by amazement, such as it was, and could now return. Mrs. Marchmont had chosen the time on the fat of the land until the opening of the season of 1 looked to second my annoyances. Considine O'Rourke could go off the stage L. H. Exit, and be as though he had never been. Mrs. Marchmont and her allies would look in vain for him, and the vengeance I had sworn to wreak upon them up while they had need of me.

How to find them?

The question presented itself in my mind, and no immediate answer could be had. At any rate, I could not linger there. I went back to the stable, and the room in which I had been put for the night.

As I placed the lantern on the table I saw that a newspaper had been left lying, and looking at it more closely found it was addressed to Mr. Considine O'Rourke. Inside were a few lines written in dainty, feminine hand:

"Mr. O'Rourke:—Mother feels unequal to the contest and has decided to go away. It may be months before we return, and meanwhile we will have need of your services. If, as I hope, this should find you, I believe the man who has ever lived with us will be more welcome back in our family. Will you please keep this to yourself? I have just visited supplied with an address where a letter will reach mother. Any one calling for he will be authorized to advance you any reasonable sum; and pray do not allow the detectives calling on him for the same should your needs require. We rely on your discretion.

"Lorena."

So they had not forgotten me after all, though they had left me in a manner more than a shoulder-hitting Irishman, willing to live, or in extremis die, with equal carelessness. In their new flight they had made over my appointment at the detective agency came to me, and I knew I was able to provide the report, which by this time should be ready, would throw some light upon the matter in which the fugitives had engaged.

I locked the door and hurried away.

Mr. Beamish was in his office. I confess I would sooner have seen one of his subordinates at my call, as I should have to make a confidant of the astute detective, and had strong doubts of being able to deceive him. Always, however, I had resolved my doubts had not been without reason. He lit a cigar, placed his well-shod feet on the edge of the table, and turned to me comfortably.

"Yes, Mr. O'Rourke, we have made considerable progress in the matter. In fact, the greatest puzzle connected with it is, who are you?"

"Sure, an' Oi don't think that is connicted with it at all, at all," was my answer, given with such dignity as I could put into the rendering.

"It has a good deal, because I might be doing harm to a very estimable lady in giving out what we have been able to pick up. Your sudden appearance on the scene is, to say the least, a trifle suspicious. You have popped out of the ground like one of the masked warriors of Cadmus. You are not an Irishman, I will swear, though you may be a Theban for all I know. I don't profess to be acquainted with the breed."

I opened my eyes at this detective, who had consideration for the quarry he was paid to hunt down, and who quoted mythology as though he thought a coachman could understand it. Then I smiled. Beamish was rich and could afford his whims.

"You are right, sir. I broke out. O'Rourke was projected into life fully grown, and as I may need your services for a more important purpose, even, than this, I don't mind telling you all about myself—under the garb of strict confidence, of course. How is it?"

"All right. I remember you now, though this is a make-up I never saw but once. You were then in the employ of Morris. Strange I did not recollect you at once. I put you off the stage on one occasion in that character. You are all right; and so is your father. You needn't say anothing."

This was a surprise, and I mentally took back what I had said. Nevertheless, as I told him as much of my story as seemed to remain with me well within the line of truth, and giving very definite information in regard to the trouble I had found in the household of Whetstone. Then he in turn told his story.

It is not necessary to relate more than its substance. Mrs. Marchmont was a widow, aged about forty, though looking much younger. Her husband, a family well known in New York society, she married a young attorney named Marchmont by name, who was perhaps ten years her senior in age. He was possessed of much ability, an active business and with his wife spent most of his time abroad. So far as was known after her return from Europe. Since the Marchmont's death the widow had lived largely in Albany, though always retaining a residence in New York, to which she had returned at intervals, and for long intervals. When there they passed rather a retired life, though their friends were to be found among the best families. The wealth left by the husband was supposed to remain intact, and it would probably descend to the daughter in case the mother was first called hence.

That was the story told me by Mr. Beamish. It would have been satisfactory when at first put forth by Mrs. Marchmont's friends. Now that I had learned something of the inside facts I knew that there should be more to follow. I said as much.

Beamish laughed.

"To tell the truth, there is something more—not much—though there is about where you would have expected it. We have succeeded in discovering your identity. The large sum you have put down seems rather, as she has not explained, and has made arrangements by which her building is to have the special attention of a second lot. I have been done so carefully the fact has not been considered of importance. That was doubtless why I was suspicious of you. I was not sure you were not playing counter, or if you were playing for your own hand."

"Thank you," I said, with an ironical bend of the head. "I am willing to be honest, to admit I am loyal to my employers, and desire the best interests of those who put their benefit rather than for my own."

"Probably you have. I have some kind of a racket there the other night, in which you came out first best and carried yourself off with the honors of the ladies."

I tossed him Miss Lorena's letter.

"Read that," I said, briefly.

"Mrs. Marchmont took passage on the city of Panama."

The answer came so quickly I was astounded.

"Hello! How do you happen to know that? You must have kept closer tab on them than I imagined. Not to say that it has not turned out all right."

"Not exactly, sir. I lost her altogether of chance. I had an eye on an entirely different party who was leaving on the same steamer. She, incidentally got track of the lady. One thing more I can tell you, she was not with her daughter. And I suspect the daughter is after all the most important of the two."

Was she? Mr. Beamish did not know—neither did I.

"If they are not together they will be. It is a move to throw some one off the track. Mrs. Miss Lorena will take the next steamer."

"That depends somewhat on where they are going. They may only have in view an idea of breaking her trail. The Panama is on its way to Colon. Mrs. Marchmont may get off there—the sacrifice of the balance of the passage to be but a mere matter—or the young lady may join her. At present, Charleston seems the key to the situation."

"Have you learned anything more about the man who was with her since he heard his name given as Marcus Whetstone. I may add, he is the party referred to in the letter of Miss Lorena."

Mr. Beamish shook his head sorrowfully, and with a sigh. Success is a narrower path than cautiously, however, that the man seemed able to command. A following from one to the other is the tough and dishonest.

The detective promised to keep an eye open for him, giving me from time to time such information as he might obtain. I was to report to him, if anything of importance back, but went away reasonably satisfied that the hour spent at the agency had not been lost.

There was nothing more I could do that night, and I returned to my lodging and tried to dream over a program. Confound it! My worthless life had all been devoted to business, such as it was, and here was my time to take a few months off, enjoy travel, and perhaps be of service to two estimable ladies. I could imagine their stare when Considine O'Rourke bobbed up serenely from below." How I laughed to myself at the thought of coming on deck well down toward the tropics, and—and—all such things required money. The large remnant of the hundred dollars would be swamped before I was well afloat, whilst the ladies might repudiate me after all. The scheme required consideration.

The more I considered, the more set in mind did I become. If I could strike the trail with so little trouble, what reason was there to believe Whetstone would not be able to do the same thing? As for money—I would do something which no exigency of my own would ever have compelled.

"I have drawn on you at sight for a thousand. Please accept. Further particulars later on."

I could imagine what a bombshell such a telegram would be, bursting into the bosom of the family. Positively, the first communication from the erring wanderer since he was elided from the rolls and allowed to run his career—and he knew it. I felt much chagrined when I thought it might be the first step toward healing the breach made so many months ago.

I passed rather a restless night, and went nervously to work as early as possible in the morning. After once deciding on that telegram I never wavered or doubted, with the result that in the afternoon I had the thousand in my pocket.

That I was ridiculous to laugh at, I went down to the square and sat on the same bench I had occupied the night before last, just to appreciate the differences between what I was and what I was doing what I might be. It is in such moments a young man is able to appreciate his capacity for joking at the expense of God.

I might have considered the subject for a long time, but I was not caught a glimpse of Whetstone in the distance, pointing me out to a slender young fellow at his right hand side. I got up at that and went hastily away. That night found me in a sleeper, with a ticket for Albany in my hand. Be certain the young fellow I had seen in the square was in the same car.

I believed I would be ready for him. This side trip was taken to shrow them and others off the track, there was little doubt of the success of the attempt. I went as far as Schenectady, and left the train for that—which I improved by taking the 7:15 train east.

From Harrisburg I went south; and so, dodging around, reached Charleston—an hour after the City of Panama had left the port.

CHAPTER VI.

MONUMENTAL MENDACITY.

Perhaps I expressed myself more emphatically than I intended, though I knew it was not my habit to be discontented with myself. At any rate, having turned away without any idea of what I wanted to do next, I was surprised to be addressed by a perfect stranger, who, with a bow and an apology, asked to be allowed to put up upon the Panama at a reasonable cost.

I looked the individual had over sharply and swiftly, my answer hanging in the air just a moment before I broke out:

"Here, now, I'm no boarding house. It might depind on how it wor done. -Ol have no notion av takin' in lodgers. Ol'm not that koind at all."

"Me own fix, exactly. Nevertheless, it is important for me to get on, and there is a way."

"An' foinde a naydle in the haystack!"

Yes, after a manner in which it be good enough. We follow directly in her course with a fast steam-propelled vessel. I am willing in that it is more than likely we will come across her. I have sought to make the run is to St. Thomas, and so on, south. My own destination is Puerto Cortes. I do not know where you are going, but I feel I'll be bound you can find your port on the list—or be not far from it. Make up your mind quickly. It is a difference of ten dollars in the cost of a tramp steamer and the accomodation will cost five hundred dollars, including the side stop at Havana. Either will be a long way from the City of Panama."

It argued pretty well for his shrewdness that he thought I would not be willing to share at all in the expenses, and I was not sure whether my answer was satisfactory or not.

"Oi'll pay riglar passage to Puerto Cortes. I have no desoire to shtarve mesilf. Av that don't suit yez, Oi can wait for the nixt steamer. Oi'll not be in a hurry."

"All right, if you have your luggage ready. That puts it in my mesure; and I'll make it right with you at the end of it if you think you have paid too much. We can't delay a minute. It is a matter of dispatch I assure with me. Come along, and we will strike the bargain on board."

This was sharp work—sharper than I had counted on—but though I had spoken on the spur of the moment, I was not disposed to falter now. "Here's wild ye," I said, and tucked my valise under his left-hand confiding style.

That the means of knowing whether Mrs. Marchmont and her daughter were passengers on the Panama; nor yet, in case they were, whether they were going to Colon, I was taking a decided risk in accepting so tempting an invitation, but the risk was a great hand to hasten slowly, and I scented an adventure.

In spite of his brusque way, my newly-made comrade was rather a pleasant sort of fellow enough. He had a brogue, though any accent I took him to be a foreigner, or one who had lived much abroad. He gave no reason why he was in a hurry, nor how he came to be short of funds; and neither did I consider it necessary to enter into so question was a matter of my business. We were in a hurry.

Fortunately, the arrangements had already been canvassed, and when I placed in his hands the necessary funds for my side of the venture it did not take five minutes to get my luggage on board, my baggage on board, and in a briefer space of time than I had thought possible we were steaming out of the harbor. Everything had a smack of the providential, or the ridiculous, about it—I was not certain which.

The steamer was like other tramps, dirty, ragged and battered; but she had the capacity to go, and a captain who knew how to shove her along. To be sure, the City of Panama had some hours the start, but the way the Alixis walked ahead made me think the chances of overhauling her were not as desperate as at first they had seemed.

We shared together a commodious cabin, and from the first my newly-made acquaintance and I were more or less congenial. We dozed together, together smoked cigars alternately furnished, and talked—for the most part about nothing in particular. Altogether, the time passed much more agreeably than I could have dreamed at first meeting him.

"Military man, are you not?" he finally asked, apropos of nothing.

"Major Considine O'Rourke, av the Sicond Irregulars," was my listless answer, given without thought. "Me swords an' uniform are in me boxes."

Very true was it all; but the Irregulars had performed their evolutions on the stage; and swords and uniform were "props" of the practicable kind. It was probably an inspiration which prompted me to bring them along.

"Ah! I suspected as much. If it is a fair question, have you anything particular in view, or are you just going south on general principles, to play your own hand?"

"Sure, it's the ownly thrade for a jintlemon, an' it's all Oi'm fit for. There's chances goin', Oi'm towld, an' whin he gets in the thick of a ruckshun Conny O'Rourke is not the mon to throw thim over his shoulder."

I spoke carelessly, and without a thought of anything coming from it. True, I knew something about the details of military life, and I could handle a saber with the best of them; but it was purely on the spur of the moment I assumed the character of a soldier of fortune. I expected to throw it off as lightly.

I was surprised at the next question.

"Do you speak Spanish?"

"Afther the stoyle I handle the sword—in a cut an' throust way that suits me own hand but may be mighty provokin' to the other mon."

"The Second Irregulars!" he said thoughtfully, drawing the point of his mustache through his fingers. "I understand, I think. Perhaps you have served in some of the Spanish-speaking States already?"

Satan himself seemed to be urging me on.

"It's harrud to till where Oi have not served; an' always wid credit to me suparayors an' profit to mesilf. Av Oi wor to be at, say, a sackin' av Bulpoor, or a raid on the trisury av the Shah av all the Persians, divil doubt me but what Oi would be able to till the kayper av the seals me m'anin" in his own languige. Whin wan lades a charge, or is in s'arch av loot, it's not diffikilt to have the gift av toounges. Sure, an' Oi could till ye a shtory av a chross av gould, sparklin' wid diamonds, that would illusthrate me m'anin'."

He raised his hand.

"Major, if it should turn out as I think, perhaps it might be as well I did not know of it. There are certain prejudices in the Spanish-American breast which I believe you would not care to trifle with. Just so; it is as well not to put it in the power of another man to arouse them. In your services did you ever happen to meet with one Captain Finnicune?"

In spite of the fact that it would confirm the error into which, like a flash, I saw that he had fallen, I actually blushed. I had forgotten that Finicune had ever existed, yet he was the type on which I had modeled. His history for at least one campaign was well known to me through the confidences of a friend who had served with him. A bolder scoundrel, a more insoucian cutthroat, a more conscienceless raider never fought his own battles in the name of regular or revolutionist. I knew who the man was very well, and writhed with indignation at the thought I could be taken for him.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as you choose to have it, my companion saw that he had dealt me a blow, but altogether mistook its nature. Finnicune had been a little too free with his nails, as the Spanish-Americans have it; and having committed certain plundering acts of sacrilege, too much, alike for friend or foe, had disappeared. There was no certainty whether he had made his escape, or been butchered by the company he had been commanding. Opinion rather inclined to the former view of the case. If he was to turn up in those latitudes again, what more likely than that it would be under some other name? I had done it! I would have to give away everything, from my nativity down, to correct the impression—and even then it was a mighty slender chance I ran of being believed.

While I hesitated he went on:

"There, there, you needn't say a word. I don't care to hear about your connection with him. If you were Finnicune himself it would make no difference to me—or, rather, I would be none the worse pleased. You are the man I want; and Major O'Rourke can rest assured his command will be more satisfactory than were the Second Irregulars."

"They were broths av byes, an' that's a cowld fact," I answered, with a short laugh. "An av ye have somethin' to propose don't be bashful."

"I'm not quite ready for it yet, but I may have something to say later on. Meantime, you can be thinking it over. Let us talk of something else."

I had curiosity enough in regard to his meaning, but was not unwilling to shift the conversation to another theme, taking a little more time to consider whether it would be well to go further. When we retired for the night I had half a notion to give him my confidence far enough to let him understand it was the banner of Venus rather than that of Mars under which I proposed for the present to fight.

When such a phrase popped into my head I bit my lip and was in doubt. Venus, forsooth! Surely, I was not going to be fascinated by the aging charms of a woman almost old enough to be my mother; who certainly looked at me at the best as a fighting machine; and beyond that as only of a little more importance than her horses. No. I had to confess I admired her with that unreasoning admiration which belongs to the uncommitted; but I was not altogether devoid of common sense. If her money was no object to me—and it was not—I hardly believed a little charm of manner a soft word or two, would ever have wrought such a sudden and wonderful reversal of all my intentions and ideals.

But how about Miss Lorena?

Well, if she was the lode star at the other end of this Boetian journey I was not exactly aware of the fact. I put my mind back to the time when her little hand lay quivering in mine. I recalled the look on her face, the trick of her voice—and said it was not Lorena. I fell asleep thinking the matter over; and in my dreams I saw them both.

When I came on deck the next morning after breakfast I had almost forgotten that sort of nonsense. Everything was going on as smoothly as could be wished, though so far nothing had been seen of the Panama. As for that—I was not disappointed. I had scarcely hoped from the very outstart, though I had never felt altogether hopeless.

As my friend seemed slow to speak I began to feel more and more curious as to what he thought of proposing. It might be something connected with the Cuban rebellion; or more likely with a revolution in one of the Central American States. Again, there was a wide field of usefulness for such a man as he might suppose me to be, down in South America. In default of anything better, I went to our cabin and got out my military paraphernalia.

I had thrown the uniform on my berth, and was carefully inspecting a bright and serviceable saber, when I heard a step at the door, and then my newly-made comrade entered. What he saw evidently pleased him. I had as pretty a brace of blades as you would want to look at.

"Ah, ha! That seems like business," was his salutation. "If there is no rust on them now I'll wager they're bright for the next twelve-month."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and I placed in his palm the weapon I had been examining. He balanced it expertly, gave it an artistic twirl or two, and turned to me.

"It has been some time since I had a blade in my hand, and I confess its touch stirs the old fever. Would you favor me with a pass or two?"

"Arrah, now, wid a dozen," I said, catching up the other saber. "It's close quarthers for a woide fencer, an' the foothowld somethin' onstiddy, but nothin' to the exigincy av the sthraight at the Rancho av the Sivin Saints, where Oi hild the shtairway forninst fifty."

And then we were at it.

CHAPTER VII.

A TOUCH OF STEEL AND THE STROKE OF A HANDSPIKE.

I found at the first pass I had run up against a very fair swordsman, and if we had been playing for anything but pleasure and points I would have looked for quite an uncomfortable ten minutes.

Not that I would have been afraid as to holding my own in a regular engagement for a just cause; but he was one with whom it would never do to take liberties: and with such confined space and uncertain footing there was more than a little chance for accident.

And to my secret horror we had not been engaged a minute before I saw he was most confoundedly careless how he played, guarding himself fairly well, but absolutely thrusting as if to get home, trusting entirely to my skill to fend off his attacks.

There is such a thing as having a lie altogether too well received, and that was the danger in this case. I could well imagine what sort of reputation Captain Finnicune must have had.

The worst of it was, there was none too good a light, and for what there was Campos held the coign of vantage. I never had a warmer time in my life. Of course, I could not throw up my hands and confess I had lied. That might stop the engagement, but it would leave me in even a more uncomfortable pickle than this.

"Ah, that time I had you!" he finally exclaimed, stepping back a pace and dropping his point.

"On the hilt," I laughed, holding it up and pointing with a finger of the other hand. "Ye play a loively game, jin-ral, an' wid a cutlass in yer fist Oi wouldn't mind to folly ye, aven av it wor over the bulwarks av a junk in the Chinese Say. Come on wid ye."

He was nothing loth, and we were at it again. There is no use to deny it. By this time I was fairly intoxicated with the game; yet, so far as I could see, I had little chance to win, while the chances were heavy that I would lose all.

And then, among the swift parries and passes, there leaped a swifter thought: What if this was after all but a trick to rid the world of me, with Marcus Whetstone at the bottom of it?

When such idea came to me—and I was too industriously employed to sift it thoroughly—there was danger in the air for—to give him his full name—Ferdinand Frederick Campos.

His carelessness of his own person had increased the more, the longer I played a defensive game, and I knew a few feints and then a lunge home would do the work for him. If by nature I had been at all bloodthirsty that would have been the result. I actually ground my teeth together to hold down the wretched temptation, though all the time the cling-clang of the steel was singing, "Kill him! Kill him!" It was time to quit.

"If there is anything in it I'll give him something to report to his employers," I thought grimly; and then, his play leading up to it, I gave him the legendary stage Nevours thrust, driving blade between arm and body so fiercely my hilt struck and sounded against his breast.

"Arrah, mon, it's toime to shtop. It wor the trial av me loife to tourn me point. Nixt toime Oi moight forgit."

I sprang back, point down but other hand to hip. If he had attempted to follow me up I would have shot him dead before he could have made a passage.

Instead, he flung down his sword and with extended arms fairly threw himself upon me in what I knew was an ecstasy of delight. In that moment, too, I was aware he was no American born, though I managed to get his hand in our colder fashion.

"I knew it! All along I knew it, but wanted to make sure. Give me your word as a gentleman and from this day we are brothers."

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"An' how is it wid regard to a mon by the name av Whitstone?" I asked, still clasping his hand, but looking him firmly in the eyes.

"Whetstone—Marcus Whetstone! What do you know of him?"

"Ownly that he's a grand schoundril. Oi will take great playsure to kill him at me own convayniance."

"He is a low-down rascal, and if you choose to dirty your hands with him I am not the one to say you nay. But I could wonder how you ever knew I was acquainted with him."

"Oi didn't; but he's the wan man afther me loife at prisint—an' you s'amed tirribly in earnest."

"You wrong me Major—Colonel it will be before another month rolls around. For the present you are my guest. The money you have advanced shall be returned to you the moment we land, and meantime you are eating my salt. The instant I saw you I believed you could be of use to us, and if things have gone as I hope I will be able to offer you a career you will not refuse. You know what our revolutions are like: if you are ready to join one I will trust you with our plans, and perhaps take counsel from your experience."

In for a penny in for a pound. I was not in the mood to draw back now. I listened with interest as he went on:

"You understand, of course, there is a government to overturn, a tyrant to unseat. With you, to aid will not be a matter of patriotism, but none the less will your sword be welcome. After the taste I have had of it I cannot doubt it will well earn its reward. I have been away on matters connected with the uprising, and my return will be a signal for twenty-five thousand men to fly to arms."

"An av the number how many will be jin'rals at the very laste?"

I knew something, as had been hinted, and at my question Campos laughed.

"Enough to give the movement a weight which no uprising in our distracted country has ever had; but there will be no question of precedence. The very best men to lead will be brought to the front, and no one but will think it an honor to follow them. What is more, money has been thrown into the cause, and work has been done with a tirelessness and secrecy which has been astoning. By this time all our plans must be ripe."

"Wid ivery rigimint fully officered," I could not help but put in.

"Regiments have to be led the same as companies; and I know of no one better able to handle them than yourself; but there is a service for which I was expected to select a brave man—the very bravest of the brave. On him will perhaps depend the success of the movement, and his reward will be commensurate. The danger will not daunt you; if it is not the thing which will make the work more than pleasant I am mistaken."

"Oi can till yez betther whin Oi consider what wor in the job. Oi am owlder than Oi wor—mayhap woiser—an' not given to throw me loife away. But whin Oi march to the fore, with a chance for big wages an' more plunder, the mon buildin' on me won't be disappointid. What wor it all to be loike, now, av it's a fair question?"

"It will be a confidential bit of business. To make a short story of it, a number of men under a brave leader—and who else would that be but yourself?—must make a secret march through the enemy's country, and do a dashing bit of work which is quite in your own line. Then, hurrah for the border, where you will find the main body prepared to march, and the advance in force will begin. If you are successful—and you must succeed—you will have tied yourself to one who can advance your fortunes much more than any man you have ever met."

"An' av Oi fail?"

"The rest of us will fail with you. Everything will be wagered on you, though until the end has justified our confidence the plan will only be spoken of in whispers, so that not even a little bird of the air will have a chance to carry it to the ears which should not hear."

"An' there's apt to be some foightin', an' more danger?"

"That there is; and much gold going at the end of it."

"Count me in on it, thin. Considine O'Rourke wor niver the mon to flinch from any wan av the three. How soon will we be afther gittin' to worruk?"

"The pay will begin the moment we land; within a couple of weeks you will be apt to be in the thick of the rest of it."

"Suits me to a charrum. Av it wor ownly to begin now it would suit me all the betther."

I have frequently been told that the prime defect in my acting was that I was too realistic; in other words, too true to nature. The stage demands something else. It requires the intonations of tradition and the manners of a masquerader.

Nevertheless, though I was now playing a part, it was not on the stage. It was no wonder it could not be told from the sure-enough article. So thoroughly had I identified myself with the character I had chosen to assume that I was hardly disconcerted when I had reason to believe I was to be taken at my word. At that moment I felt the course of the steamer had been changed; there was a noise of voices and hurrying feet, followed by a muffled sound which might be the report of a distant cannon. Hardly knowing what I did, I hastened on deck.

The report of a cannon it had been, and I could easily see it had fallen on very unwilling ears. Following the direction of the eyes of every man in sight I had no trouble making out a man-of-war in the distance, heading directly toward us.

What of that? Such was my first question, but it only took a little observation to understand the captain was thinking a great deal of it. Perhaps he was only an ordinary, grizzled old sea dog, but to me he looked like one of those none too mildly-mannered men who, on occasion, are thoroughly willing to cut a throat or scuttle a ship. He turned suddenly, and, looking straight forward, his eyes fell upon me.

The savage scowl which darkened his face was no creation of my own imagination, and I had no difficulty in hearing a by no means muttered curse from his lips as he strode toward me, his hand in his pocket.

"He must think I am in league with a pirate, or am about to incite a mutiny," was my thought, but I held my ground. Up to this I had forgotten the sword I carried in my hand, but it was too late to drop it now. As he came nearer he flashed out a pistol and roared:

"Blast ye both for a pair of sneaks, willing to put the necks of better men into a noose! What are ye doing here? Are ye spies or fools?"

"Shpoies! Be me sowl, it's betther for yez to have a little more butther on the ind av yer tongue. Whin Oi found the chance to go forwards a fool wad Oi have been not to take it—an' Oi'm not that."

"A heavy mess you've made of it, then. They couldn't have stopped me for having a cargo on board, but with you two to look after it they'll hang me for a pirate, and you'll go along with me. But they never shall. Curse you! If the worse comes to the worst we'll reeve you to weights and drop you both overboard."

"But, my dear Captain!" exclaimed Campas, coming forward; "there is no occasion for this excitement. I know nothing about your cargo; and ten minutes before coming on board I had never heard of you. You can find that my passage was prepaid on the Panama, and they were to pick me up at Charleston. Why they did not wait for me is more than I can tell, but I assure you it was not my fault. I'll take oath we have nothing to do with that vessel in the distance, nor she with us."

"Tell that to the marines. Your junta

[Continued on page five.]

Ruby Gordon's Love;

or

The Mistakes of a Life-Time.

By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS.

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CHAPTER VII.

"Father," said Lawrence, the next morning after the ball, as he entered the library where the old man was sitting, "I cannot understand you at all. You are a very strange man. You and Darrell schemed together to ruin my life; having accomplished that for which you plotted, you ought to be satisfied. Why should I be forced to endure his detestable presence at Elmwood?"

An expression of shame and mortification came over the old man at once.

"Because," he answered, "no one knows that I had anything to do with what you term 'a scheme,' and I do not care that they should. If I offend Darrell the truth will come to light. He will tell. Every one regards it as one of his reckless jokes. If you had let the matter drop the talk will soon die away and be forgotten."

Lawrence turned away with a sigh. True, there had been gossip enough; and he, himself, did not care to have the world know that his father had also been a party to the miserable plot.

He would have to endure the presence of this man at Elmwood occasionally—this man whom he had just cursed in his heart, and resolved that he would see as little of him as possible. He could forgive a living foe on whom he despised, and he would not.

A silence of several moments fell between them, and then the old man, as though to change the subject, said:

"Your sister-in-law is a bright, charming young lady. I like her. It seems to me that you ought to ask some of the Rouse girls and Florence Rouse, to come for a few weeks; perhaps it would be a good idea to ask their brother also. You should have quite a merry party at Elmwood. I should enjoy it myself. I quite regret this morning. It is many years since I enjoyed a festive occasion. I did the last night."

Ah, the bitterness of Lawrence's heart as he listened! The price paid for this old man's peace of mind had been his own life's happiness.

"I will write to the girls at once," he said, but his voice was one of pain. How could he ever feel an interest in life again? he wondered.

But as he sat down to write the letter to his cousins he felt that their company would be a blessing to him in one way: Besides time, with so many to entertain, he would be entirely employed and she would not be so keenly observant of his love spirits and silent ways. Poor Bessie! He wanted her to be happy and was willing to do every thing within his power to make her so. But it was beyond his power to love her. Love was something that he could neither force nor for the one he felt for the other of the two fair women so closely connected with his life.

A week later his cousins came, and it was indeed a merry party that sat during those bright summer hours under the old elms on the lawn. Leslie Darrell was often there, for he came and went as he chose, just as he had done in the old days when he and Lawrence had been warm friends and companions. But few hours passed between them now, however, as Lawrence would always contrive some excuse to leave Bessie self when Darrell appeared.

Ruby Gordon often joined the party also, but she, too, shunned and avoided Darrell when it was possible to do so. It was generally understood that she did not like him, but no one of the guests knew the reason, and no one guessed that the handsome, high-mannered daughter of the house had once been the idol of Leslie Darrell's heart.

Addie Vincent, being naturally light hearted and joyous, could not fail to enjoy those happy days. Both Darrell and Charlie Rouse devoted so much attention to her—wondered if it were her childish beauty or her innocent artlessness that so attracted them; and sometimes she would wonder half bitterly why her own beauty had not more power. She felt almost alone. Would no one ever love her ardently, passionately, as she desired to be loved? Ah, no! Her husband had no heart to give her, and Lawrence, whom she knew loved her, could come to her now. What wonder that, as she looked ahead to the previous years that lay before her, a bitter sigh would sometimes escape her lips.

"Could we not get up some charades or tableaux?" said Florence Rouse one day, "I do enjoy them so much. Bessie, what do you say?"

"I think we might" she returned, after a moment's thought. "Come over this evening, Mr. Darrell," she added, turning to him, "and we will arrange the matter. In the meantime, the girls and I will plan what we shall have."

"Let us have a scene from some old painting," said Addie. "That will be easy to copy, and there must be a lot of antiquated costumes stored away in the attic of an old house like this. With the costumes all ready, everything else could be soon arranged."

Again Bessie assented. "We will go up to the attic immediately after luncheon and see what we can find; that is, if papa Armytage is willing. I suppose that the old rubbish up there belongs to him alone, and we must first gain his consent."

"But Mr. Armytage had gone away that morning on a matter of business, and did not return for luncheon; and as the girls were anxious to complete their plans at once they did not like to wait for his return. So Lawrence was consulted.

He listened, in an abstract-minded way, to what they were saying, and then in the calm, indifferent manner so characteristic of him of late, he gave his consent that they should do as they desired.

He had no conception of the matter as he should he would have at once understood that if the old trunks and relics of bygone days stored away, they were mementoes of the time when his home had been blessed by wife and child, and as such, were to him as sacred treasures. He would have withheld his consent if he had thought of it, but had no idea of the treasures which the old attic might contain, locked his mind.

The girls were struck dumb with amazement over the beauty and the richness of the articles found there. Such beautiful dresses of costly velvets, satins and brocades they had never seen before; besides these there were rich laces and sparkling jewels. Darrell, who had come over, and a chest of drawers full of these things, and as the girls viewed them more closely they concluded that they would never dare to touch such rare and costly articles as these without first asking if they would be allowed to have to wait for his return, after all.

"Why, this is a regular fairy tale," remarked Addie. "It is evidently a storehouse of treasures, and I wonder if we have the old man know that we had even dared to enter it, much less without his knowledge. But what is this?"

As she spoke she placed her hand upon what seemed to be a mirror, but was framed in some kind of netting, and Blanche Rouse, who was a little taller than the others, began at once to remove the wrappings.

"There can be no harm in looking at this one thing," she remarked; "it is most likely a picture, and a grand one, too, for the mystique, the lady who once wore these beautiful dresses and jewels."

She turned the picture to the light as she spoke; and as the full glare fell upon the beautiful, lifelike features, a look of deep wonder and amazement gradually overspread each face, and then a simultaneous cry from every lip burst the words—"Ruby Gordon!"

"But why in the world," said Addie in wonderful is her portrait stored away up here?" asked Addie at last. "Look at the date, picture and scanned each feature of the beautiful face. "But it cannot possibly be her," she resumed at last, "for she has the style of the dress and of the hair! This picture must have been painted several years ago! But how very like Ruby Gordon it is! What can it mean? I give it up."

"I give it up," said Blanche, laughingly. "But listen! Let us have some scene that will represent the style of dress of the 16th century ago, and induce Ruby Gordon to take the part and the costume in which the rest of that portrait was dressed, then note the effect. We will be sure to declare the resemblance would be more striking still. I hope the old gentleman will let us use some of these treasures."

"Goodness no! I could never think of asking him for them. I, for one, would not come up here. Let us go back at once!"

It was Bessie who had spoken. There was a sound of nervousness in her voice that caused every eye to be fixed upon her face. She, herself, felt that she had been wondering looks, and said: "I feel just as though I had opened a closet and found a skeleton!"

Poor Bessie! The idea was firmly fixed in her own mind that the portrait was really that of Ruby Gordon. She had probably seen it when a child, and not like him, but no one of the guests knew the reason, and no one guessed that a skeleton in the closet of inmates of that beautiful old home carried within her bosoms hearts that were heavy as lead.

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able trick which had led to an unhappy marriage. She had hoped that Bessie herself would make her her confidant in the matter; but as yet she had not done so, and she shrank from letting her know that she had heard the story from other lips.

"How beautiful it all is!" said Bessie in a hushed, subdued voice as they descended to the beautifully decorated rooms below. "Do you know, Addie, the one dream of my life when I was a child was to be mistress of a grand old home such as this? I now have what I then longed for, but——"

She did not finish the sentence. Breaking off with a weary sigh, she grasped her sister's arm and said:

"The guests are beginning to arrive; the curtain will soon rise on the first act; we must be ready."

And how that scene was applauded! It had been selected from the story of Undine, and the characters were well represented. Addie Vincent impersonated poor sorrowing, forsaken Undine, and looked as fair and sweet as ever Undine herself could have looked. But little did she think, as she stood before that delighted audience with an assumed look of tragic sorrow on her face, that one day that expression would settle there as a sad reality.

Other scenes followed in rapid succession. There was Romeo and Juliet—for what entertainment is complete without this beautiful scene?—also the scene from Kenilworth, with Bessie Armytage as Queen Elizabeth and Ruby Gordon as Amy Robsart.

As the curtain rose on this scene Addie Vincent glanced at her sister's face and shuddered. She knew that the look of jealousy with those flashing eyes was real; that there was a bitter truth in the manner of the royal lady who fain would have crushed the life of the beautiful girl who stood between her and her love.

But one tableau remained—the one in which Ruby Gordon was to be dressed as the original of that mysterious portrait in the attic. It was a scene of domestic trouble. Charlie Rouel personated the stern, unforgiving husband. The beauty of the picture lay in the expression of both faces; his proud, harsh and unyielding; hers wistful, sad and pleading. Her little hands were tightly locked together and her attitude was one of prayerful entreaty. Her likeness to the old portrait was indeed wonderful. The dress of crimson velvet and the arrangement of the hair were perfect.

Would Lawrence recognize the costume, Bessie wondered, as the curtain went up; would it awaken old memories; might he not be greatly displeased at what they had done? She had not thought of this before. But she told herself that she did not care. It did not matter. Life itself seemed of little worth to her tonight.

She watched Lawrence closely. The expression of his face was one of admiration, nothing more; the look of pained surprise which she was expecting to see was lacking, and for what did occur within that admiring audience she was altogether unprepared.

Old Reuben Armytage had seated himself near the front. He gave a violent start as his gaze rested on the beautiful picture. Suddenly a look of horror came into his eyes, and he leaned forward as though he would drink in its full meaning. His face had grown deathly pale; a great trembling had seized him; and presently they were all startled by a piercing shriek, followed by these words as they fell in horrified tones from the old man's lips: "Hortense!—my wife! Oh, my God!" Then he rose to his feet, took a few steps forward, staggered, and then fell as one dead. The curtain went down and confusion reigned.

The old man was immediately borne to his own room, and Lawrence bent anxiously above him, fearing that he was dead.

In that moment of anxiety all his bitterness toward the old man was forgotten; he remembered nothing but the tender care he had given him when a boy, the luxuries and the comforts which he had received from his bountiful hands.

What had brought about this sudden illness? While pondering over the words which the poor old man had uttered, he suddenly remembered about the girls having asked his permission to search the old attic for costumes; and for the first time it came to his mind that of course the dresses within that old wardrobe must have belonged to the poor wife who had been turned from her home in such a cruel manner and whose life had ended so suddenly. Had the girls taken one of those dresses, and had the sight of it unnerved him like this?

The doctor who had been at once sent for arrived now, and as the old man still passed from one fainting fit into another, he shook his head in a doubtful way.

There were to have been music and dancing after the entertainment, but, of course, that was not to be thought of now; and after having sympathized as best they could with the stricken family, and expressed their regrets that the pleasant evening had ended so disastrously, the guests took their departure.

Toward morning the old man seemed to revive a little. He raised himself on one arm and gazed about him in a startled way, and as his eyes rested on Lawrence, who was still hovering near him, he murmured: "Don't let her come here again, Lawrence—promise me that you will not! She will drive me mad! She haunts me!—Hortense—my wife—her spirit——Oh, heavens! how like her she was tonight! It was her—her spirit!"

Lawrence did what he could to soothe the troubled brain; and at length his efforts were rewarded; the old man fell into a doze.

But his dreams were seemingly full of visions of the lost wife whose spirit he believed was to follow him while he lived; and his ravings revealed to Lawrence that his life had indeed been a haunted life; that his heart was actually being eaten out with remorse.

As soon as breakfast was over he sought his wife's presence and questioned her concerning the costume which Ruby had worn in the fatal tableau.

"No," Bessie answered, "we did not use any of those dresses. They were such rich and costly garments and had been so well preserved that we had not the courage to ask papa to let us have them; so we had Ruby's dress made expressly for the occasion. But I will tell you, Lawrence," she continued, after a moment's hesitation, "her dress was an exact copy of the one worn by the original of that large portrait in the attic. Did you not recognize it? Lawrence, tell me, is that not a portrait of Ruby Gordon?"

"A portrait of Ruby Gordon—in the attic?" and Lawrence's face wore a puzzled look. "Bessie, what can you mean? There is no portrait of Ruby in this house; of that I am sure. What made you think it was a picture of her?"

"Why, Lawrence, it is exactly like her—exactly! Besides, on one finger of the lady in the picture is the ring which Ruby always wears—that oddly-shaped ring set with a single diamond. I have always thought that it was the ring you gave her—your engagement ring. Is it, Lawrence?"

Lawrence shook his head. He was too excited to notice that her voice was full of tears, as it always was when she talked with him of Ruby Gordon, and instead of the sad, but soothing, caress which he usually gave her on these occasions, he stood with bent head, thinking deeply.

Could it be possible that there was, after all, something more than an old man's imagination in the resemblance between Ruby Gordon and the dead and gone Mrs. Armytage; for, of course, if there was such a portrait in the attic it was of the long-lost wife.

"I must see this picture," he said, excitedly. "Come with me!"

Bessie followed him to the attic, and with trembling hand pointed to where the picture hung, veiled in its somber wrappings.

Lawrence removed the netting and he, too, was struck dumb with wonder and surprise as he gazed on the beautiful lifelike features so like the face of the girl he loved.

Bessie drew his attention to the ring. It surely was exactly like the one which Ruby was wearing. What did it mean?

"Ruby's ring," he said at length, "is one which once belonged to her mother, who died when Ruby was a very small child." And then he related to his wife the story of Ruby's having been sent by the dying

"Hortense!—my wife—"

mother to some one whose name the child had forgotten, telling the story just as the old man had related it to him.

"But the ring, Lawrence? Was the child wearing the ring at the time?"

"It was, so I have heard Ruby say, attached to a slender gold chain, which was fastened around her neck. She wore it in that manner until she grew older, then she placed it on her finger and has worn it constantly ever since. I do not believe my father has ever noticed the ring or he would have mentioned it. It cannot possibly be the one which was once owned by Mrs. Armytage, but there is something mysterious about it all—very, very mysterious! I never saw such a striking resemblance."

"And your father," remarked Bessie, 'thinks that his wife's spirit came back to earth in the person of Ruby Gordon. One can almost feel that there are grounds for such a belief after noting the wonderful likeness between the two. Do you think such a thing possible, Lawrence?"

"No; that is all nonsense. I never believed in any such doctrine as that. But I can now in a measure understand the poor old man's feelings when he looks at Ruby, for she certainly is very, very like this portrait, and last night, with her hair and dress arranged in this fashion, she must have been the living image of the poor wife who was driven in such a heartless manner from her home. No wonder that it all came back to him when he gazed on that tableau, a reproduction, almost, of the scene once enacted on his own hearthstone."

Bessie still gazed at the pictured face as though fascinated.

"Do you know," she said, as she crept close to Lawrence's side, "a feeling that I cannot describe took possession of me when I first discovered that picture and believed it to be a portrait of Ruby Gordon. I wondered if you did not often steal away and come up here and gaze with longing eyes at the lovely face, and I—yes, I will own it—I was actually jealous of that picture."

"Poor little girl! And are you never jealous of Ruby?" he asked, as he placed his arm about her.

Bessie sighed. Her eyes had grown dim, and Lawrence could feel that she was trembling with emotion. Then, with a little gasping sob, she nestled still closer to his side and answered:

"Yes; I am afraid that I am."

In the issue of the Ledger for next week the reader will find the continuation of this great story of passion and misfortune, evolving some highly dramatic situations. Every subscriber should read our announcement of free premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

AMY'S SURRENDER.

BY H. S. WINTHROP.

When the announcement appeared in the society columns of the daily papers that Jimmie Cheeney had broken down through overwork and had been ordered by his physician to take a rest, it was regarded as one of Jimmie's best jokes.

To Jimmie himself it was no joke. While his acquaintances in society knew him only as a social butterfly, there were men down in "the Street" who knew that in the three or four hours that he generally spent in his office every day, he was more than able to engineer deals in which some of the shrewdest operators in the financial district had been trapped.

It was this double strain which had finally told upon him, and had resulted in his settling down in a quiet little town on the Connecticut River just at a time when some of his biggest operations were coming to a head.

He had left careful instructions with his confidential clerk, but even Roberts, accustomed as he was to Cheeney's operations, could not be expected to handle a deal in which more than a million dollars were involved with the same skill and daring as the man who originated the plan.

The first week at Woodale was spent close to the telegraph office. The delivery system consisted of one small boy, whose sister was the operator.

If there was a big game of ball on, Sammy Langton delegated his duties to any youngster he could impress into service, and failing to secure an understudy the messages were apt to go undelivered.

Jimmie Cheeney decided that it would be better to keep a watch on the office himself, and his standing as the only person in the place who had ever received five telegrams in a single day gave him the freedom of the tiny room in the railroad station where Amy Langton acted as telegraph operator, station agent and baggage and freight clerk.

This was scarcely the routine prescribed by his physician, but there were worse ways of spending one's time than in Amy Langton's society, and long before the end of the first week Jimmie had decided that she was one of the most charming girls he had ever met.

By the end of the second week he was honestly in love with her, and Dr. Dillingham, making a hurried visit to his patient, was surprised to find him so willing to accept the verdict that several weeks more must be passed in exile.

At the end of the fourth week Jimmie put his fate to the test. It was Sunday, and, there being no trains on the little branch road, the office was not open. Jimmie and Amy had gone for a walk to the top of the hill that gave the best view up and down the valley.

For one moment her rosy face was close to his shoulder and Jimmie leaned over to kiss her, when she suddenly drew away, her face now white and tense.

"I appreciate the compliment you do me, Mr. Cheeney," she said softly, "but I cannot become your wife. You are rich—wonderfully rich, as we understand riches. Your people would not be my people. Up here I am a good comrade and all that, but—it would be different in the city."

"Bother the money, if that's all!" said Jimmie, beaming. "I am not compelled to keep it. I can found a college or start a newspaper or do something like that, and the money would not bother us long."

He held out his arms to take her in his embrace, but she resolutely set him aside, and though they talked it over until the sun began to drop behind the western hills, he could not make her alter her decision or even confess that she loved him.

The next day was a gloomy one for Jimmie. He hung about the office as usual, but there was a constraint in their companionship; an entire absence of the good fellowship that had slowly been established between them in the past weeks.

Amy's eyes looked as though she had been crying, but this she would not admit, nor would she permit Jimmie to reopen the arguments of the day before.

Shortly after the noonday dinner the messages began to come to him thick and fast. They were in cipher and their import she could only guess, but through the long afternoon the gloom on Jimmie's face grew deeper and deeper, until finally one brief message came that he crumpled in his pocket, and snatching up his hat he started for the door.

"The rest of the messages won't matter," he said as he paused at the threshold. "Let them lie until you close the office, and send them over to the hotel by Sammy."

Before she could speak he was gone and presently she saw him cross the bridge and start up the steep hill on the other side. It was the road to the place where they had sat on the day before, and she longed to close the office, to follow and comfort him.

It was after seven before the up-train pulled out and gave her the chance. Then she, too, crossed the bridge and presently found herself on the brow of the hill.

There Jimmie sat in an attitude of such utter dejection that her heart went out to him.

He did not hear her footfall on the soft moss, and it was not until a tiny hand slipped confidingly into his that he was aware of her presence.

Then he sprang up with a glad cry and in a moment she was safe within his encircling arms and was whispering the words of comfort and love she had so longed to give the day before.

So full was he of his happiness that it was a full hour before their minds came back to mundane things. Then she softly asked:

"Is it an awful bad smash, Jimmie?"

He looked up with a laugh. "Why, there was no smash. That last wire I got was to tell me that the big deal had gone through."

She drew away indignantly. "And I thought," she cried, "that you had lost everything from the way you looked. That's why I came to comfort you."

"Little girl," he said soberly, "the thought of all that money piling up was awful. You told me that I would have to get rid of my money before you would marry me, and there was another million tacked on to what I already had. That was what was worrying me. Don't you think it shows that I love you enough to make you feel safe in marrying me?"

Apparently she did, for there is a new operator at Woodale and Jimmie Cheeney's home has a most charming mistress.

In Masquerade.

[Continued from page three.]

knew I refused to take men out and swore none should come on board; but you have played me this trick, and by the heavens! it sha'n't win. Don't you suppose I have had notice of what you two have talked of? If we have the heels of that fellow, well and good. If he overhauls us, over you go on the other side of the ship, a grindstone to each leg. Drop your toadsticker and throw up your hands!"

I understood his position well enough. Doubtless he had munitions of war on board which he was to deliver at sea to a blockade runner, and mistook us for Cuban patriots. If the vessel in pursuit was a Spanish cruiser, as we had reason to believe, his guess of what might happen if we were overtaken was not wanting in shrewdness. Did I not remember the Virginius? Ah! I was yet to learn that though the Virginius migh seem forgotten she was to be amply avenged when came the day of recompense and remembrance for the Maine.

The cool proposition of his, however, was not of the sort I would accept. It gave us no chance whatever. Dropping my sword, I whipped back my hand for my revolver, and at the motion was knocked senseless to the dock by a blow from behind, delivered with a handspike.

The continuation of this very interesting story will be presented in the Ledger of next week. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"What great event occurred in 1861?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class.

"Dunno," answered the small pupil. "I wasn't born then."

—

Little Elsie wasn't feeling well and her father asked her what was the matter.

"Chickenpox," promptly replied the small invalid.

"Why, how do you know?" he asked.

"'Cause I found a feather in the bed this morning," answered Elsie.

—

Small Harry had just been promoted from frocks to a sailor suit and as he was starting out with his father for a walk the latter attempted to take his hand as usual.

"Never mind, papa," said Harry, "I'm big enough to hold my own hand now."

—

"Johnny," said the teacher to a small pupil whose face and hands were badly soiled, "you didn't wash this morning, did you?"

"No, ma'am," replied the truthful Johnny.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"'Cause," explained the youngster, "mamma wasn't at home and I didn't have to."

Feminine Idea.

"During the row," said Bleacher, "while the visiting team was wrangling with the umpire, Muggsby sneaked home amid the plaudits of the rooters."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Bleacher. "A man who is cowardly enough to sneak home when trouble begins should be censured instead of applauded."

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UNION LABEL

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL. CHICAGO, ILL.

A cat will not look at a king if there is a mouse in sight.

Girls are partial to picture hats, but they draw the line at print gowns.

True charity consists of opening the purse but keeping the mouth closed.

A woman's idea of a wise man is one who makes a fool of himself over her.

A preferred creditor is one who is willing to wait until you get ready to settle.

There should be a law to prohibit people from impersonating actors on the stage.

Will President Roosevelt do as much for Senator Fairbanks four years from now?

Many a man and woman are married and live happily ever after securing a divorce.

Ambition is a pipe dream preceded by a horrible nightmare and followed by a rude awakening when the pipe goes out.

During the courtship a young copule are apt to sit around and talk hands in silence, but after marriage—well, that's another story.

Five former cabinet officers will occupy seats in the United States Senate at the next session—Knox, Teller, Alger, Proctor and Elkins.

It would have been just as easy for Mr. Fairbanks to have come out three months ago and thus make it possible for several other gentlemen to quit worrying.

The only living Indian who was with the original Six Nations in New York State is Mother Smiles at Woo of the Winnebagos, who resides on a reservation in Nebraska.

With his height of 8 feet 4½ inches Senator Fairbanks is able to look down upon the vice-presidency from a greater altitude than any man who has ever held the office.

The public appears to be taking it for granted that the General Slocum disaster has had the proper educational effect upon the owners and officers of other excursion steamers.

General Miles is unable to see that Senator Beveridge's remark as to the impossibility of electing a mystery to the presidency of the United States has any reference whatever to him.

People who are worrying over what they call the probability that Roosevelt will want to be nominated again in 1908 would no doubt find some other kind of trouble to borrow if they didn't have this.

THE CURSE OF THE GEISHA GIRL;

...OR...

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

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CHAPTER XII.

"—Is then a touch
Giving me a new identity, that of love."

The following day was the one fixed upon for a visit to the remarkable Roman Catholic Convent, where the little foundlings are reared for old enough to be a happy, useful womanhood.

While she was arranging the toilet of her young mistress, Rose's amah began to talk about the convent, and said, eagerly:

"Much baby thrown away."

"Where, amah?" Rose asked sympathetically, for her heart was too tender for sorrow to clike it to the troubles of others.

"Many places," she said, and then she added, "Me love me baby."

Rose paused, interested. She knew the really smart little creature who acted as her maid was married and had several children, and that she kept a large boarding house, in addition to her other duties.

"Me baby all time cry, and mother throw away," the woman repeated, and when they were seated in their chairs, Yambrace spoke more fully of the convent, although the baby's mysterious fate and the pallor of his face showed that he had not slept, and that his trouble was weighing upon his spirit.

"The convent is doing a wonderful work. It used to be the custom for rich people to throw their girl babies into the water, for girls are never considered good things!—in the family of a Chinese of the lower classes. Now they come up upon the steps of the convent and the sisters care for the little ones and make something out of them. This is the most beautiful burial ground, and I never leave Hongkong without paying the sisters a visit."

Lilly longed to get near enough to say something to lift the baby sorrow; Rose resolved to do so, and scarcely had they started out than she made him a slight motion of the hand, and he dropped back to sisters to carry him by her side. As soon as he came near enough she said gently:

"Some time today, I think, Lilly wants to speak to you."

The bronzed cheeks grew paler, and the deep eyes turned inquiringly upon the lovely face opposite, but he made no reply this morning.

Until her dying day Rose will never forget the change which came upon Yambrace's face as he said, humbly:

"You are an angel of light, little one. Are you sure?"

"Absolutely; now good-by," and with a bright laugh she motioned Alex to her and her clear voice could be heard distinctly with him. No one seeing her with her beautiful pink fingertips about her bearing her merry laugh and listening to her nonsense, would have imagined that she had spent the greater portion of the night burying her first love and sealing up the tomb, or that the head under the big straw sun hat was sorely and the little head throbbed in unison.

By the time they reached the convent all were interested, even the coachmen, who were told to wait and encouraged him to observe the results of concentrated charity.

It was a wonderful and unbeautiful sight, those two hundred little ones, all Chinese, the eldest not more than three, busily engaged in the most beautiful work of all kinds within the sight of heaven's mercide. The ladies exhausted their purses purchasing the lovely specimens, and left orders for many more. When Rose and Alex saw the elder of the children recognize the handsome English lady and run to her, and when their uncle handed the Mother Superior a check for many hundred dollars, although they had known that Vambrace gave exactly twice that much every visit he made, Rose's hope that he might have aided that America be better represented. However, they knew nothing of the gold which he gave them, or that Alex emptied his pockets of small coin.

Still more surprised were they that some of the most delicate work had been done by a class of girls, who had been aided that so astonished she did not know what to do when she was told that the beautiful and delicate handkerchiefs she had bought had all been made by miles not over six years old. Only one of the sisters could speak English, but as all the party, except Mr. Churchton and Alex, were able to converse in French as in their own tongue, conversation was pleasantly carried on. Many of the sisters are Chinese who have spent their lives within the convent walls; others have been sent from France, and all have a certain devout, holy expression upon their faces which is very attractive.

As they came away Mr. Churchton said earnestly:

"Well, I never knew that so much good could be done in this way. In the future if I ever get discouraged I am going to look up some institution of children and see if I can't make their little lives happier."

Vincent looked very much troubled, and his face was very sad, and when they took a launch, Mrs. Humphries, who of all the crowd appeared to notice him, asked him kindly:

"Are you unhappy?"

He looked up with a start. The pure-minded, intelligent young man liked this lady, sympathetic and gentle, and so he returned, although gravely:

"Yes and no. It makes my heart ache when I look at those little mites and think that they are condemned to lives of work for no fault of their own; but my heart rejoices when I see how much real good can be done with a little money. Mrs. Humphries, do not laugh at me when I tell you that I realize that a single individual may make mistakes, but that such an institution rears untold and unknown good. I am not fitted to bring cheer to suffering ones, but my money will, and through such people as these I will try and lighten the load it possible."

"Are sorry for every one who is unhappy, Mr. Lyndstock?" Mrs. Humphries asked softly, turning the battery of her wonderful eyes upon him.

"I sorrow for any one and every one who has a need that can be answered.

"Every one has something to bear," she whispered, looking down and twisting with her words to his lips.

A sudden thought of intense suffering passed over the handsome face, which was turned from the bowing outlines as Vincent spoke, as though half to himself:

"Surely not Lillian."

But the lady showed through the skin of his companion, as she returned:

"Her sorrow will come today, but in the future. The man she is going to marry has a terrible fate in store for him."

There was a quick intaking of the breath, but no other answer, as Mrs. Humphries continued:

"I have wanted to talk to some one about it. That woman is warped. She married a man she loves"—the young man by her side drank as though he had applied a red-hot iron to a sore—"is not in the least worthy of her."

"How do you know it?"

"I will prove it to you soon. She is but a dear, foolish girl-woman."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Humphries, but I scarcely can listen to you discuss her or her actions to me. If you need advice on the subject go to her uncle."

Mrs. Humphries looked earnestly into his pale young face.

"Why? You do not think that I am interested? She has been given into my charge, and I shall do my duty by her. But the man has poisoned her mind against me. Believe me, I will prove his wickedness before you think it."

"When you come to me with such proofs I will listen to you," was the quiet answer.

"My heart has been lacerated for the past two weeks, but I can continue as long as the two still leaned over the railing; looking at the water and the strange crafts about them, tiny sampons; strange-rigged junks and a Chinese passenger boat coming in, and Rose's head rested behind Lilly's and below decks to ward against Chinese pirates; the various flower-girl boats and nations, as well as the merchant ships.

Vincent looked at them and looked at her. There was a strange, feverish light in the blue eyes, and he noticed the white, tapering fingers trembled.

"Can I assist you in any way?" he asked unattended. Then he thought that from the bottom of his heart that she would go and leave him alone. The night had come out, for on this day he had discovered that but one person would ever reign in the heart of the woman he loved. Although she regretted this accident, it was to bear happy results, for then it was that the Yin of her childhood days grew into the Vincent of her womanhood, worthy of true love and capable of inspiring it.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Far-sweeping, elbowed earth; rich apple-blossomed earth!
Smile, for your lover comes."

There is no dress which sets off the charm of a beautiful woman so much as that which displays her arms and shoulders, and certainly our little party was charming enough to have drawn the eyes of the entire house toward them that evening as they took their seats in the one English theater in Hongkong, even if they were not already known.

The gentlemen, Mr. Churchton and his two charges, Vincent and Alex, were in correct evening dress, but Vambrace had learned by experience not to court heat prostration with an opera or silk hat, and so had a cap in his hand as they came, as did nearly every gentleman in the house. The majority of the men there wore Tuxedos instead of the conventional claw-hammer, also for greater coolness, but in our party the gentlemen were correctly attired in this respect, and Alex whispered to Vincent:

"Their nibs look like just so many waiters. I'll be saying 'Hi, there; another champagne cup, you,' to that august fellow over there," to which Vincent returned:

"Hush! That august person is one of the top notch men in the colonial government."

With affected terror Alex grasped Vincent's arm and begged to be taken home if a few years of high living in the Orient produced such a figure.

In the meanwhile the ladies had settled themselves and all looked like beauty from another clime. The stately chaperon was exquisite in white lace, with a great knot of orchids, pale mauve, shaded into deep purple, with gardenias at her bosom, while another was woven in her glorious purple-red hair. As he looked upon it, Mr. Churchton was reminded of the days when he as a barefooted boy walked in between the rows of corn and the tassel.

What mere words would describe the beauty of those twin sisters, who loved each other dearer than self? Tall, stately Lilly, with the dignity of love beaming in her eyes, and glowing on cheeks, although she had only known the happiness which her lover, was dressed in a sweeping dress of blue, heavily-embroidered gauze, finely studded with pearls of almost every size and value, while her marble-hued neck and arms supported a small fortune in the translucent ornaments. Sweet, gentle, charming, she was the perfect foil for her darker loveliness, and his pride in her, and the knowledge that she was his, brought back the light to that face looked almost as young as Alex and much younger than Vincent, whose face had developed under new responsibility.

Still, if Lilly was beautiful, what was Rose? Her head held itself with more uplifting ways, her merry laugh and bright smile?—to his dying day Alex Stanhope will have to give way and bend under her burden of sorrow. She had carried out the idea of a half-opened rosebud of the East, which in her dress of white chiffon, embroidered with roses and silver ribbon, the design, combined with her great cluster of the rosebuds, gave a color to her young cheeks she might otherwise have lacked, and her strong will did the rest. Certainly, she was the most admired woman in the house that night. When the curtain fell upon the first act, Alex said gravely, yet with dancing eyes, holding up a little finger:

"Remember, my fellow fellas, that consequence will befall you if we are left to 'dree our wierd'all' alone by ourselves."

"I'm done—done," Alex begged, but he interrupted him with:

"Aw your schoolbooks so near, sonny? Remember that we are a law unto ourselves, and if the gentlemen in this theater think it is pretty decent to be out of the defenceless women alone during the waits, with nothing to guide them but such an ocean of shapeless shoulders, innocent of even a modicum of covering, I don't following a little disdainfully at the rows upon rows of extremely decollete shoulders, unrelieved by a single bauble, and, according to the prevailing custom, all the gentlemen face to the front and follow and promenade about the outside of the seats, smoking and exchanging the gossip of the day as soon as the curtain falls.

"It is a standing custom," Vambrace laughed lightly, "and I suppose it is better that every one save himself and a certain dainty few, attended by his satin, should be lilies in her hands, were transported into the middle of the China Sea? Then one can always meet this way and with away a few minutes more. You see here people have a taste in food which is lacking in the dreary home."

"Because they taste to neglect the ladies that way," Alex muttered.

Lilly looked indignant.

"Alex, remember Mr. Vambrace is an Englishman himself," she said quietly.

"Pardon me, Hongkong," was the quick retort, the boy coining a name in his excitement.

The curtain rising put an end to the discussion, but Rose thought almost bitterly in her heart:

"She is turning away from her native land, as I did from mine. And for the first time a gulf between the girl of his former love and himself, and instinctively turned to the other girl-woman, who was accustomed to take Rose at her own valuation, he had now thought of her as a beautiful or attractive, but tonight he realized that she was more than either—that she was fascinating and charming.

As the play progressed, one of the party felt the head resting slightly and then from under her. Strange that the story on the stage should be so similar to that of her own life, thought Mrs. Humphries. More and more interested she forgot all, until the bright lights began to dance before her burning eyes, then everything faded and she fell forward, bearing both arms spreading outward, and her heavy hair, jarred by her fall, tumbled about her.

Vincent was the nearest, but he leaned over and said distinctly to his uncle:

"Uncle, please to take me. There is no heavy for me to lift," and he helped Vambrace see to everything, but was astonished when the former looked at the face of the unconscious woman and muttered to himself:

"Where have I seen that woman before, and when in such a position?"

Just as the heavy lids opened, Vambrace stepped back, his face paling, and seeing that Vincent had also come out of the range of her vision, he grasped him by the arm and asked excitedly:

"Where did that woman come from? What was her name, and are you certain that she is just what she pretends to be? Find these things out, Vincent, old man. I

have a very important reason for knowing." Then he muttered again: "It could not be, but it was the very position, and I never saw on any other woman such a wealth of hair."

CHAPTER XIV.

"I to you give love,
O, unspeakable, passionate love."

There was a soft swirl of silken skirts, and Vambrace rose from his seat in the drawing-room attached to the suite occupied by Mr. Churchton and his party, to meet sweet Lillian Greencastle as she entered the door. As he looked at the delicately-nurtured girl, beautiful, charming, and possessed of wealth, an overwhelming sense of his own unfitness seemed to bow him down. What was he, with a past of which he could not but feel ashamed, especially since he had associated with these Americans, with their higher code of morality, to aspire to the love and hand of a girl pure, stainless and delicate?

Lillian was one who always looked well, but upon this occasion she had adorned herself especially, and certainly presented a most charming appearance as she stood on the threshold, clad in a crisp French organdie of pale blue, over which was embroidered so heavily as to make the work stand out from the material in a very lifelike manner countless pink rose petals, and the sheer fabric was made to do over blue satin. A cluster of pink roses lay at her throat, while one large one was in the gold hair. In the delicate cheeks the exquisite shades were repeated, and the whole picture was one which the eager lover was to carry with him to his life's end.

As his ardent eyes drank in all her girlish perfections, he instinctively opened his arms, and Lillian flew to them without any prudish hesitancy.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he whispered, holding at an arm's length what to him represented the greatest treasure the world held for him, "what have I done to deserve such mercy?"

"Why should I be so favored," Lillian whispered, burying her face in his bosom and clasping his muscular arms with her soft, white fingers.

"You favored? Why, my little birdie, you are far from enjoying any favor in this. Still, I'll do everything I can, and I think you know that I'll make you happy. Look up at me, darling," drawing her to a seat. "I am a poor man, and sometimes I have been a stern one, but henceforth your slightest wish shall be my law. No matter how my inclinations may run, my wife—" he paused, feeling the little quiver run through the slender figure. "What is it, sweetness?"

The great, dark eyes, filled with the yearning watchfulness of the love-born woman, were raised to his face, and while crimson blushes suffused the power of her expressive face, Lillian said softly:

"I suppose I was startled at your speaking of your—your—"

"Well, my own one, you will have to get used to that term, because you will hear it plenty of times in the years to come. You were about to say my calling you wife, precious one. Ah! darling, what holier, more sacred one could I apply? Those four little letters make up a world which is all the happiness in life to me. They spell home, kindred, joy and heaven," and he drew her to him, and kissed her tenderly.

"My—my—"

"Lillian!"

"Quinton, then," shyly. "Is that what you wish me to say?"

"I think I would prefer you to call me Quinton, dear. It was the first loving answer."

"Well, Quinton, dear," and the words rang like sweetest music in Vambrace's ears although many a woman before this graceful girl had said them to him; but then he had not met in love, and this was a most great deal of difference.

"Proceed, my lady love," was the gentle encouragement.

"You cannot see with all that is joyous, there is no sorrow mentioned in your list."

With a fierce cry he gathered Lillian into his arms, saying eagerly:

"I have borne more than my share of troubles, and drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs. Hereafter nothing but unclouded sunshine shall be my portion, for I am going to share everything with you."

Well it is that none of us can look forward, even to a heart-gladdening future, since is it for us to bear our burdens as they are laid upon our quivering backs, without having to take those of the days to come.

"Nothing shall ever part us, my sweet one," the young man cried, lifting the little hands to his lips and bowing over them. "I wonder if my uncle would have me have you very, very soon," and his eyes were very pleading.

"Uncle is resolved that neither Rosie nor I shall marry until we are eighteen."

"That will be a lifetime," cried the young man, annoyed more than he wished to show.

Lillian gave a little shiver at his restraining arms. One little hand patted the golden pompadour, while the other arranged the costly skirts, then the sweet voice said confidentially:

"Quinton, Rosie is in love, too."

"That's nice, but, darling, I want to talk about our own affairs. Where is the rosy lips ardently, as if to seal them against the utterance of any words other than those relative to their love.

Lillian, however, although smiling, once more disengaged herself, and resumed:

"I want to talk about her, and, besides, I cannot be married"—with a little gulp—"until she is."

Vambrace was instantly interested. "Who's the man—not that cub?"

"Who is a cub?" was asked in mild surprise.

"The one who rejoices in the name of Anstely. Jove, how that boy does hate me! Unless you people in the States marry boys in the nursery, however, I should think it would be a long time until Rosie marries, and I can just tell you, young lady, I do not intend to wait upon her pleasure and that of the boy."

Lillian smiled sweetly.

"What a long speech for nothing!—because, you see, she isn't in love with Alec."

Vambrace looked about as silly as men do upon such occasions; then he asked, very meekly:

"Might I ask who it is, then?"

"Certainly."

The young man waited for about half a minute, then asked in a tone which trembled with impatience:

"Well?"

"Well, what, dear?" There was an imp of mischief dancing in the girl's eyes.

"I am waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

A deep flush mounted to Vambrace's face, but he answered quietly:

"For you to tell me the name of Rosie's suitor."

"Oh, you were! Why, how should I know it?"

Vambrace drew a deep sigh; then, taking a fresh hold on his temper he resumed quietly:

"Yes, dear, that is what I was waiting for. You said you would tell me."

"No, dear, I really did not. I only said 'Certainly' when you asked if you might ask who it was, and I am waiting to have you ask."

The young Englishman looked at the lovely, flushed face, the roguish lips, and dancing eyes, and then, taking the little face between his palms, cried:

"You little witch! When, then, if it will please your royal highness, will you be kind enough to tell me the name of the gentleman whom your highness honors so highly, and to allow me to seek refreshment for my long period of famishment?"

"Where are there any refreshments?" she asked with much interest, and was promptly punished by kisses innumerable.

At last, having recovered her breath, patted her hair and stolen a furtive glance in one of the many mirrors about the room, she spoke quite seriously:

"You will love Rosie?"

"The devil she does! I beg your pardon, but are you not engaged, darling?"

Absolutely so. I thought she loved you."

"Loved me!"

"Yes, and that is the reason why I could not accept of your love the other day."

"You would have made me miserable, dearest?"

"I would not have taken away the happiness of my twin sister," was the quick answer.

Vambrace's brain seemed to work with lightning rapidity. A thousand and one things appeared to him, and he recalled the peculiar behavior of Mr. Churchton. Evidently he, too, had believed that it was Rose who loved him.

"How did the misunderstanding come to be made clear?" he asked gently, and Lillian gave him an account of the conversation. The keen mind of the man grasped the situation instantly, and his heart ached, and yet this was an occasion when he was glad he had not been to blame, for from the very first it was Lillian in whom he was interested. Still, while he felt he could be acquitted of any intention of working harm, the damage had been done, and to one so gentle, tender and brave. Seldom, he knew, would a girl do for a sister what Rose was doing for hers, and yet had not his Lilly been strong.

"Then you are certain," Vambrace repeated, "that Rose loves Vincent?"

"Absolutely so, for she told it to me and cried so when she said that he did not love her. I told her that his love for me was but a boyish love and that she was best suited for his wife. Don't you think so?" and the sweet face was lifted too dangerously near to that of her lover's, and so absorbed did they become that they did not observe a young man who stood in the doorway, clinging to the lintel. Twice he tried to speak, then he moved away, and, reaching his own room, sent for Alec. Vincent had come to the drawing-room in time to hear the last sentence, and the news that sweet little Rosie loved him was an overwhelming shock.

When Alec had been unearthed, eating as usual, and brought to Vincent's room, the latter had recovered much of his habitual calm, and in a roundabout way he managed to get from the boy the impression that Rose was unhappy about something, and that he wished he could marry her.

"For, you see," Alec cried valiantly, "I care more for Rosie than anything else on earth, and in spite of her worry, Vincent smiled as he asked shyly:

"Honestly, more than you do for broiled quail or toasted mushrooms?"

And he laughed outright when Alec cried in real distress:

"I know it's bally rotten the way I do stuff, but you see I'll have to go in for horrible training when I get back, and so I suppose that there isn't much use to neglect any opportunities now, for in the days of starving I will regret every quail or rice bird I let escape me." To which Vincent made answer, with a sad expression in his eyes:

"Yes, yes, you will sigh over the flesh pots, we all do. You have a good time while you are here, for some of us are passing some very wretched days."

"Why, I say—you don't think she's getting on the dying-calf airs over there, and—"

"Who, Vambrace? No, Lillian is the one he's after."

"Oh! I say—you don't mean uncle will let him have her?"

"That's just what I do."

"Why, Vin, old man, I'm no end to sorry. You're up against it for sure this time," and then he looked astonished, for Vincent had risen from his seat, and his lips tightened as he said quietly:

"Your eyes have been a bit blind, old man."

"Say, Vin, what do you mean, anyway?" Lillian had a twin sister."

Alec fairly danced for joy. "Vin, if you can get Rosie, she is worth a dozen of Lil, for I have always said you ought to know Rose is the fellow you want to go to if you want to be fixed up all right. Lillian will always be awful sweet, nice and the kind of a person to be at the head of an establishment, but the kind you can depend upon to help a fellow out of a mess, and I think you she's the girl for me, every time," and Alec paused out of breath.

Once more Vincent smiled, but he took his young visitor by the shoulders and helped him to the door, saying in that half-quizzing tone of his:

"But she isn't for you, my boy, no matter what you think."

Closing the door for a moment, Vincent thought of Vambrace's proposal to visit Panama, he started down the hall, when he heard his name called, and, looking up, saw something that made every drop of blood in his clean young body rise up in protest.

Another installment of this extremely interesting story will appear in next week's issue of this paper. The Ledger is without question the best family paper for the price of subscription now published in the United States. Special free gifts of cameras and patterns are offered on other pages of this paper. Do not miss them.

Dick (during a rest)—I'm passionately fond of rowing!
Daisy—Are you? Why, then I should think you'd learn how!

TUNING A PHYSICIAN

He Got Out, and Then in Tune.

If coffee has you where your nerves demand it each morning you have a wreck ahead sure.

Think back for a year and notice how the sick spells grow on you instead of getting less.

You are running into nervous prostration or some fixed disease absolutely certain, and when it suddenly takes full possession you will find nothing, absolutely nothing, in drugs that will heal you. Nature demands pensity for the daily nerve centers by coffee, and you must pay the full price.

A physician of Cornwall, Ont., says of himself: "For years coffee was to me what rum is to the toper, but I kept getting worse and worse in health.

I suffered from continuous nervous twitching, insomnia, restless, miserable nights, nerves all gone. Craving for coffee was intense, but it put me lower and lower in health. Something must be done, so I tried leaving off the coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. The first trial's wife and I were both pleased, for we were careless in brewing it, but we went carefully into the subject of preparing Postum and for a time had only allowed it to brew about five minutes, and that wasn't make good Postum. So next time it was boiled full fifteen minutes after boiling began, then came out a good coffee and it was toothsome and delicious. That marked the beginning of my return to health. Slowly but surely, the old twitching has disappeared, and in short I am well again. My good wife has also been much benefited by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. We have abandoned the old coffee for all time." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason why many intelligent people and physicians drink Postum in place of ordinary coffee.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Crocodiles.

A hunter in Africa tells some stories about crocodiles. He says: "One afternoon I went out to hunt lechwe (a kind of antelope), which were plentiful in the swamps. I wounded one splendid bull and gave chase, accompanied by my gun bearer. Presently I across one or two channels, and finally the boy who was leading caught it up in an arm of the swamp. I was just in time, for he was holding on to the buck a crocodile—attacted, no doubt, by the blood which flowed from the wounded animal—shot up and seized the boy by the leg. I ran to the edge of the water, got to the other boy, who had come up, and I arrived to the accompaniment of a loud crunching. The crocodile was only a small one and we managed to get the boy from him. After the first momentime made his escape, and I sent back to camp for men to carry the wounded; the sweet little Rosie loved him was an overwhelming shock.

When Alec had been unearthed, eating as usual, and brought to Vincent's room, the latter had recovered much of his habitual calm, and in a roundabout way he managed to get from the boy the impression that Rose was unhappy about something, and that he wished he could marry her.

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Real Thing.

"Yes," remarked the bald-headed man, "my wife is president of a social society."

"Indeed!" replied the timid old bachelor. "The idea of women having anything to do with secret societies!"

"But," continued the absent hair, "this is a society in which the members exchange secrets."

The Prattling Child.

The little boy whose wife mother to pluck some green apples for him.

"But they are too high," she said, stooking to lead a mind into other channels. "I can't reach them."

"Yes, you can," he persisted. "You've got long-legged arms."

Some Caution Necessary.

First Burglar—Everything is fixed. You an' me is to enter the house an' bring out the things, and Bill an' Jim will be on the outside, with four or five wagons to load 'em in.

Second Burglar (doubtfully)—Better not get more'n four wagons.- I'm afraid five might attract the attention of the police.

First Tramp—Dere's Dusty Rufus over in dat field—de farmer hired him ter stand up for a scarecrow.

Second Tramp—Who's dat beside Rufe?

First Tramp—De farmer. Rufe makes him stand right up wit' him to wave his arms for him.

An Insinuation.

Helen—Young Freshleigh tried to put his arm round my waist last night.

Mae—Tried to! Why, wasn't his arm long enough?

Just Double.

The visitor was showing little Ostend the book of fairy tales.

"But wouldn't you like to have been the 'two-headed giant'?" asked the visitor. "He had lots of fun."

"No, indeed," responded Ostend. "Think how he must have suffered when his mama started to wash his ears."

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RIDER AGENTS WANTED

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It Certainly Is.

"Yes," said the thinker of audible thoughts, "it's a grave injustice."

"What's a grave injustice?" asked the man with the rubber habit.

"Burying people alive," explained he of the noisy thoughts.

Fair Dealing.

Mr. Subbubs—Is this grass seed good?

Dealer—Say, if that seed doesn't grow you just bring it back and I'll give you some fresh.

Matter of Opinion.

"I—aw—have a conundrum foh you, Miss Cutting," said young Sappington.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed. "What almanac did you borrow it from?"

"I—aw—made it up mesself," he asserted somewhat testily. "They are me—aw—clothes like the moon."

"I suppose you think," she said slowly, "it is because they have a man in them; but it might be well for you to remember that opinions differ, Mr. Sappington."

No Room for Doubt.

Society Reporter—Mr. Richleigh tells me that his family will pass the summer in the mountains and his wife says they will take a cottage at the seashore. Perhaps it would be just as well to await more definite information.

City Editor—If Mrs. Richleigh said they were going to the seashore what more definite information do you want?

It Would Seem So.

"What is the umpire for?" asked the girl who was new to the game.

"Oh, merely to give the losing team a chance to start something," explained the young man.

Never Called Down.

Hoax—Old Adam had one advantage over the modern after-dinner speaker.

Joax—What was that?

Hoax—After he had finished no man ever said, "I always did like that story."

At His Old Tricks.

The office boy stood around first on one foot, then on the other, as the boss opened the morning mail.

"Well, what do you want?" growled the boss as he looked up.

"Please, sir," said the youngster, "I'd like to attend me grandmother's funeral dis afternoon if it don't rain."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Keeping Them Married.

Stranger—I am told that it is easy for a woman to get a divorce in this State, but difficult for a man to get one.

Citizen—Yes, we made it difficult for the men, so as to discourage them when they thought about it, and we made it easy for the women so they wouldn't care about it.

The Shadow of Death

need no longer constantly haunt the waking thoughts and sleeping dreams of the poor sufferer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, or St. Vitus' Dance, which have for generations been a constant menace to the poor victims who were subject to these frightful maladies. The success attending the treatment inaugurated by that foremost of specialists on this class of diseases, the eminent Professor Peeke, places his New Discovery among the beneficent achievements of the age. Wonderful indeed are the cures it has effected,—not temporary alleviations, but radical and permanent cures. The marvellous testimonials, voluntary and unsolicited, which pour in upon him are an earnest of the noble work he is doing, and striking testimony of his efficiency. Send for the Free Remedies, and conscientiously follow the instructions, try them. They will prove as effective in your case as in the thousands they have already cured. Send your name, post office and express address to Professor Peeke, 4 Cedar Street, New York City.

His Excuse.

"Why did you do it?" asked the prison chaplain of the man who was under sentence for murdering his wife's earthly troubles with an ax.

"I'll tell you how it was, parson," replied the victim of the law. "I came home and found her crying, and I never could stand to see a woman cry."

As Others See Us.

Biggs—What do you think of young Smyth's bride?

Diggs—Is she wealthy?

Biggs—Very.

Diggs—Then he must have married her money and invited her to the wedding.

The Problem Solved.

Mrs. Rulem—Your husband is still as devoted as a lover. I don't see how you manage.

Mrs. Rissem—It's very simple. When he comes home late I always pretend to be asleep; when he has a headache in the morning, I tell him he is overworked; when he leaves his hat in the parlor, his overcoat in the dining-room, and his overshoes upstairs, I quietly gather them up, and put them in the front hall; and when we go to the theater, I never forget to suggest that he should improve the shining hours between the acts by going out and talking business with his customers. Oh, it's easy enough to keep a man devoted, if you only know how.

Error of Detail.

Mr. Gusch—Ah, what a strong face your grandpa had. Was he a soldier?

Miss Thrush—Sir! Soldier? That isn't grandpa! That's grandma!

A Simpler Plan.

Mr. Newedd—Well, we are beginning housekeeping, and I presume the simplest plan will be for me to give you a regular amount every week for expenses. Just figure up what it will cost.

Mrs. Newedd—I could never do that in the world—so many things to count, you know; but let—me—see. Oh, I have it! I have thought of a much simpler plan.

"All right, my angel. What is it?"

"You figure up what it will cost you for car fare and lunches, and give me the rest."

Horse Nonsense.

First Horse—If I were you I'd be ashamed to allow myself at the horse show another season.

Second Horse—Why not?

First Horse—Your mistress wore an American-made dress, and your groom did not stop his h's. All the respectable horses were laughing at you.

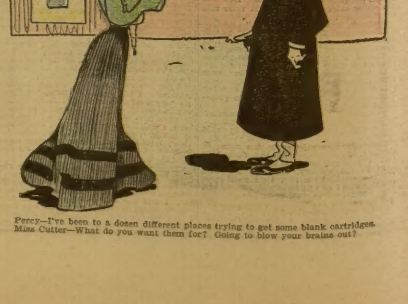
Rather Liked It.

Bouttown—This women's emancipation movement isn't such a bad thing, after all. I've been keeping company with Miss Strongsoul lately, and I rather like it.

Upton—In what way particularly?

Bouttown—Well, for one thing, she insists on paying her own expenses.

PERTINENT INQUIRY.



Percy—I've been to a dozen different places trying to get some blank cartridges. Miss Cutter—What do you want them for? Going to blow your brains out?

WRONG TRACK

Had to Switch.

Even the most careful person is apt to get on the wrong track regarding food sometimes and has to switch over.

When the right food is selected the host of ails that come from improper food and drink disappear, even where the trouble has been of lifelong standing.

"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite, and I was allowed to eat whatever I fancied—rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot biscuit, etc.—so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order and at the age of twenty-three I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve to fall back on, lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me.

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave his food, (new to me) a proper trial, and it showed he knew what he was about, because I got better by bounds from the very first. That was in the summer, and by winter I was in better health, had gained in flesh and weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body, all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts.

"This happened three years ago and never since then have I had any but perfect health, for I stick to my Grape-Nuts food and cream and still think it delicious. I eat it every day. I never tire of this food and can enjoy a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream when nothing else satisfies my appetite, and its surprising how sustained and strong a small saucerful will make one feel for hours." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"True food that carries one along and "there's a reason." Grape-Nuts 10 days proves big things.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

Accustomed to Carriages.

Old Lady—Why do you call your carriage when you are going such a short distance?

Miss Tipperton—It is unnecessary, perhaps, but I never think of walking. We have always had a carriage, you know.

Old Lady—Yes, I remember. Your grandfather kept his carriage, too. He peddled milk from it.

Doesn't Like to Guess.

Pretty Daughter—I'd rather marry the worst man on earth than the best one.

Horrified Mother—Good gracious! Are you crazy?

Pretty Daughter—Not necessarily. You see, I'd know then right from the start what I was up against and wouldn't be kept guessing.

George's Most Serious Blunder.

While George Washington wielded the sword as a soldier, the pen as a statesman or the gavel as a President, he made no serious blunders. It was when he wielded the hatchet that he barked up the wrong tree.

Playing in Luck.

"It's a lucky thing for me I ain't in the box," said the great baseball twirler, as he paraded up and down the bedroom floor with his tooth-cutting son and heir.

"Why?" asked his wife, sleepily.

"Because," he answered, "I don't seem to have any control of the ball."

Slight Mistake.

"Those large bumps," said the phrenologist, "would indicate that some of your ancestors were eccentric."

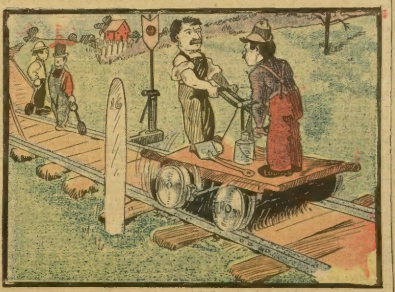
"You're up against it there, professor," replied the man in the chair; "they indicate an eccentric wife. Confine your examinations to the small bumps, please."

First Past the Post.

"Now that we are married, my dear," said the happy leap-year victim, "we will have no secrets from each other."

"Indeed, we won't, darling," cooed bride-elect.

INSINUATION.



Section Boss—Somebody on this car ain't doin' any pumpin'!
O'Hara—If I thought ye meant me I'd quit me job.

Not Hungry at the Moment.

"Did Alkali Ike make that tenderfoot eat his words?"

"No; the tenderfoot turned out to be one of those fellows who would rather fight than eat."

Identified.

Jones—We had shortcake for dessert at our boarding-house yesterday.

Smith—Are you sure it was shortcake?

Jones—Of course I am. I recognized it by the strawberry mark.

Prattle.

Bachelor—I confess I can't understand what your baby's saying.

Benedict—It is a queer language, isn't it?

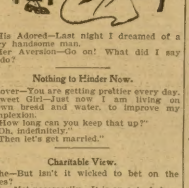
Bachelor—Yes; sort of early English.

HOW HE FELT ABOUT IT.

The Lady—I know it's a common thing to say, but I could just die waltzing.
Her Partner—Well, I'd like to.

lets. "Suppose you begin by telling me how much you paid for the engagement ring."

There Are Such.



His Adored—Last night I dreamed of a very handsome man.

Her Aversion—Go on! What did I say or do?

Nothing to Hinder Now.

Lover—You are getting prettier every day.

Sweet Girl—Just now I am living on brown bread and water, to improve my complexion.

"How long can you keep that up?"

"Oh, indefinitely."

"Then let's get married."

Charitable View.

She—But isn't it wicked to bet on the races?

He—Not necessarily. It is an act of charity on my part, at least.

She—How is that?

He—I always patronize some poor bookmaker who really needs the money.

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Mr. Carl E. Schultze's "Foxy" Lesson and how. Most fascinating and instructive of novelties. Makes work play for children. Boys and girls can learn by it and supporting selling them after school. Send 25c. for handsome sample and terms to Agents. Foxy Grandpa Novelty Co., Dept. D, 2506 DeSoto Blvd., St. Louis
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$35 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAYNELLE MFG. CO., Dept. 32, Parsons, Kan
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FREE GOLD WATCH
The watch has a beautiful gold finish, is handsomely engraved, is heavy and of correct time. The case is finished with a heavy gold finish and is guaranteed to keep correct time for 25 years. We will send one of these watches FREE to boys and girls or anyone for selling 20 packages of our handsome jewelry at 10 cents each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid. When sold send us the money and we will send you the watch and ring. EXCELSIOR MFG. CO., Dept. 57 Chicago
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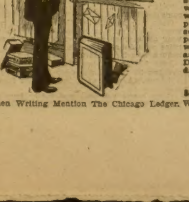

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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

If you should go to Gumbo Goo
And explorations make,
The natives there would welcome you
And cut you up as steak.
You shouldn't swear or make a fuss
At such a demonstration—
It's simply one of the cus-, cus-, cus-,
The Customs of the Nation.

If you into Somaliland
Should happen for to stray,
The folk would tie you foot and hand
And take your clothes away.
They're wise to kick if treated thus
For savage recreation—
It's simply one of the cus-, cus-, cus-,
The Customs of the Nation.

If you should visit U. S. A.,
They'll meet you at the port,
And take your bags and trunks away
And loot them, just for sport.
But do not grow censorious
At such precipitation—
It's simply one of the cus-, cus-, cus-,
The Customs of our Nation.

—Life.

The Election at Woodbury.

BY S. V. SHACKELL.

"Look here, Gabe Scott," declared the wife of Woodbury's leading politician, "you're the ringleader of this piece of foolishness. I might have known, just as soon as I heard that you was put on that committee, that you'd make some fool mistake. Now—"

Gabriel colored under the derogatory insinuation, and clapped his hands loudly together, as he always did when his wife's tongue became directed toward him.

"Now, Lucy," he interrupted, "you know Parson Jedrow's a good man—"

"Certainly I know it. But how long will he remain a good and righteous Christian if you fire him into politics?"

"Fain't politics."

"Yes, 'tis. Don't tell me, Gabe Scott! I know you too well to take any excuses from you. You're tryin' to get Parson Jedrow—that's what you're doin', and you want to bring shame and disgrace on your ole wife. I see through it."

Her better half threw up his hands in astonishment and guffawed.

"What in thunder has Dave got to do with it?" he demanded. "Tell me that. You don't mean to say that just 'cause he's snarkin' Eva Jedrow that he's gotter suffer any humiliation! Nonsense! Jedrow'll be elected and then that'll prove how out of his won't look at our Dave, and much better he'll be off, too. He's no mooney Lucky he don't know whether it's night time or noon."

"Gabe Scott, I'm dead ashamed of you," retorted his wife. "Dave's all right an' so is Eva Jedrow, 'n' they'll be married some day if I have anything to say 'bout it. But that's neither here nor there. If you don't undo the mischief you've done tonight—well, you'll wish you had, that's all."

Having delivered herself of this ultimatum, she did not address another word to him that evening, and Gabe sat by the fire and cerebrated lustily at the coals. After a half-hour of silence, and as the clock was striking eleven, his wife could restrain herself no longer, whistling as he walked. He stepped short upon seeing his mother's set expression and his father's solemn mood. Then he laughed outright.

"Say, dad, that's all right. Heard all about it down town; an' I reckon they'll have your name in the election notices next. Dick Perkins says as how—"

"David," Gabe's mother, sternly, "where have you been?"

"Down town."

"You've been over to Eva Jedrow's, too, haven't you?"

"Sure," he replied, cheerfully. "Why not? Ain't no wrong in that, I reckon."

"I might have known it," she declared. "Seein's how you've got your hair plastered onto your forehead. You're just exactly as crazy as your father was at your age, David."

Her husband affected not to hear her.

"Dick thinks it's all right, eh?" he inquired of Dave. "Thought he would. Parson Jedrow's a blamed good man for president of Woodbury, and he'll be elected. Them preachers is always winners."

"Say, dad, Dave's bound to death," exclaimed the son, enthusiastically, "and she wants me to help all I can toward—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Dave Scott," interrupted his mother. "You'll keep your fingers out of this mess or I'll see if I've forgot how to use a switch. Your pap's made the family name trouble enough now."

"Now, maw—" began David, but before he could proceed further she flounced out of the room. Then the father and son perfected plans to insure the election of the candidate.

By the afternoon of the following day Woodbury was in a turmoil. Mrs. Scott had enlisted every female member of the congregation under her banner and had made a firm resolve to defeat the sinful purpose of their spiritual adviser, as well as the schemes of the men who proposed electing him president. She received, first of all, a strict promise from her followers not to attend church on the following Sunday, nor until victory was hers; next she adjured them to work unceasingly toward the desired end. She urged that pressure be brought to bear upon Parson Jedrow from all sides and at every opportunity. She was praised for her action and all whom she met agreed to stand by her and assist her in any way she deemed necessary.

Mrs. Scott began at home. Gabe and David received a tongue-lashing they remembered for some time, after which she declared emphatically that not one particle of housework would she perform for them until the whole affair was satisfactorily settled. Receiving in answer to the only a grut permission to do whatever she pleased, she left the house in a rage and went straight to the little parsonage on the hill.

"In it true that you're goin' to run for president, parson?" she asked of the Reverend Peter Jedrow.

Jedrow bowed his head slowly and impressively. "I have been accorded that honor, Mrs. Scott, and I shall accept. I'm proud to have been found worthy of the office."

With her head in the air the lady took her departure as quickly as she had arrived, leaving the parson to worry and wonder if he had done right.

Mrs. Scott returned from good authority that Hiram Griggsby, the Republican nominee, had written his name and that he had requested that Jedrow's election be made unanimous. Believed to be true upon investigation, and it made her only more and more determined to defeat the well-laid plans of the men.

Her plan of campaign was rigidly followed. The five Democratic members of the village board suffered the most through the absolute refusal of their wives to perform anything in the line of household duties, but a score of other men were forced to submit to the inconvenience of cold meals and untidy homes in consequence. But no strong will can withstand the men in the correctness of their stand that they resolved to leave it out and vote by force of will.

On Friday Mrs. Scott called a conference among her followers, at which she made a speech.

"We must win," she declared. "There's more than the question of savin' Parson Jedrow at stake. Woodbury's leading politicians'll be laughing stock of Woodbury for a year. Stick to your colors. Remember, not one of us must attend church Sunday."

"My husband says he'll get a divorce if I don't cook his meals," piped little Mrs. Washburn.

"He won't," returned Mrs. Scott, firmly. "I don't believe a man in the world knows better than to threaten me that way."

The meeting over, she hurried to her house, where she spent the afternoon alone.

"Here here, Dave Scott," she said, "I want you."

Dave laughed. "What is it? Don't take long, 'cause I've got to get my dinner."

"Reckon Gabe 'll get plenty tired of the food before long. You've got something to mind your father now, but listen to me."

Then followed a lengthy talk, very slowly and confidentially. To her words the son listened with disdain at first; then, as she interested him, with a laughing admiring desire to learn more of the project she unfolded to him. "Talk about strategy, and wider as she proceeded and his lips opened in a grin.

"All right, mother,' he declared at last. "It's a go. I'll do just exactly what you say."

"Don't you dare breathe a word of what I've told you to your father."

"I won't," he promised. "Gee! won't dad be surprised!"

Mrs. Scott bided her time. On the day previous to election she caused a rumor to be spread throughout the town, a rumor that appeared to have a solid foundation in fact. Whether it originated in her mind or the story was well known to every inhabitant, Eva Jedrow and Dave Scott have eloped. They're going to be married in Chicago.

This was the astounding intelligence that caused every female member of Gabe Scott's Woodbury to gasp with amazement. For Dave, handsome, dashing, had been long forgotten, so completely overshadowed was it by this latest surprise. Then wise heads put two and two together and arrived at a conclusion that some connection existed between the two circumstances. What it was, however, none could state.

Immediately after the rumor reached his ears Gabe went to the home of the village parsonage, his whole being permeated with rage. Scarcely had he left the door Reverend Peter Jedrow than the latter placed in his hands a telegram that read as follows:

"Chicago, May 8.—We'll be married tomorrow morning. County Clerk's office. Will you consent? EVA JEDROW."

"The rascals!" exclaimed Gabe.

"My own sentiments exactly, my dear Mr. Scott. Indeed, the thirty years' age is much too young. But don't worry. I'll have to go on to Chicago."

Gabe stood aghast.

"You can't," he declared. "Tomorrow's election day."

"I know it. But this matter is far more important than the office, sir."

Though they wrangled for several minutes, the words Gabe could utter were unministerial mind, and he departed from the house very much perturbed. Again, late in the afternoon, the attempt was made the Reverend Jedrow from his pulpit to leave on the next to the last west bound train for the Western metropolis. His efforts were vain.

"I'll be back tomorrow night," declared the preacher. "I won't fail you."

And with this parting cheer was forced to be content. He returned to his home, where, to his surprise, he found his wife. The housework was done and a tempting meal awaited him. Behind the kitchen stove beaming smile brought him to a sudden stop.

"I've come back, Gabe," she said.

"What is this—a trick?" he demanded.

"To you mean it?"

"Certainly."

"Then count your game! Ain't you goin' to play it through?"

"I guess it's gone far enough, Gabe," she said, calmly. "I'm satisfied."

"You think you've got the best of me, don't you?" she continued, with fire you. Those kids ain't eloped at all."

Gabe's left eyebrow elevated her skyward. "How remarkable!"

Gabe ate supper in silence, for he was worried. A certain mysteriousness in the very air seemed to inform him that a surprise was in store for him. But what its nature was he could not even guess.

Just before leaving the house for the evening he opened the door in response to a knock. A mite of a lad handed him a telegram and walked away.

Gabe broke the seal and fairly tore the yellow slip of paper from its encasement. With a single glance he read its contents, and then he called his wife.

"Lucy!"

"Well?"

"Read that."

He handed the message to her and she read it aloud:

"Gabe Scott, Woodbury:—Shall not run for office. Get another man.

"PETER JEDROW."

"I don't understand," she began, wonderingly, as she looked up at him.

"Indeed!" sneered her husband. "Indeed! You're very innocent, aren't you? But your scheme won't work, if Gabe Scott knows himself."

She turned away.

"Gabe Scott, you're crazy!" she exclaimed. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Gabe pulled his hat down over his ears and scowled.

"Don't tell me. This is your scheme to keep Jedrow from being elected. But it won't work, I tell you. He never sent this message. It's some of your put-up nonsense."

Gabe hurried to the village and imparted to his fellow townsmen the news he had received.

"It's a fake," they declared, with one accord. "We'll elect him anyhow."

So this comedy of errors ended upon, and Gabe, thoroughly satisfied with himself, went to bed chuckling.

The election held the following day was a foregone conclusion. Jedrow was any and all standpoints, and Parson Jedrow was elected by a majority of 724. Gabe was beside himself with delight and could scarcely restrain his exuberance. No obstacle had presented itself, and he had but one scene was yet to be enacted.

That scene occurred the night train from Chicago, prominent among whom were Mrs. Scott and her band of determined women.

The moment the certainty that Parson Jedrow was approaching the village as fast as steam could propel it, and the citizens were eager and impatient to honor their newly-elected president.

But deep down in Gabe Scott's heart a queer tinge of fear existed. Try though he might, he could not rid himself of that slight feeling of depression. His wife's confident attitude was responsible in a great degree for the sudden appearance of the engine headlight around the mile curve caused his blood to leap and his nerves to tremble.

Eager eyes watched that oncoming spark of light. As the train drew up at the platform and, with many a rumble and jerk and hiss, the engine ahead went up. Then a familiar figure appeared on the car platform, and the parson gazed in astonishment at the assembled multitude. Close behind him his daughter, now Mrs. David Scott, appeared, her blushing husband brought up the rear and in this manner they emerged from the train.

Gabe faced the trio, but he saw only one figure.

"Parson," he began, "you're elected." His voice quaked as he spoke.

"Didn't I receive a telegram?" demanded Jedrow, in surprise. "I don't understand."

"That telegram I repeated poor Gabe, who was now in a daze. That proved he experienced a sensation of defeat.

"Gabe Scott, what have you done? Have you elected me against my will, compelling you from Chicago to find another man."

A murmur broke over the crowd and a low voice went up from the front rank.

"I got it," stammered Gabe, "but I thought it was a forgery—"

"So I feared. But it was not, Gabe. I sent the message and I mean it. I shall not fill the office, for it is not compatible with my position as a minister of the gospel."

"What 're you goin' to do now, Gabe Scott?" shouted a voice, coming suddenly forward. "Who's the winner—you or me?"

"Reckon you are," said Gabe, meekly. "I give up. But I'm in the dark yet. How'd you do it, Dave?"

Dave Scott faced his father.

"My wife did," he said, proudly, grasping Eva by the hand and leading her into view.

"Married?" ejaculated Gabe.

"They are now one, Mr. Scott," interposed Jedrow, "having performed the ceremony this morning." Then he added, "I am sorry to disappoint you, Gabe, but I see no other way. They refused to wed unless I promised not to accept the presidency of Woodbury."

"Refused!" Gabe could scarcely believe his ears. "Why in thunder didn't you let 'em go to—"

"Gabe!" exclaimed his wife.

"You must have been mighty anxious to get married," he said.

"It's been the wish of my heart for a year," returned the parson, solemnly.

"And some time added Dave. "Come on, Gabe, let's go. You're clean beat, so there's no use to cry over it."

Gabe's heart was nearly broken, but he accepted defeat as gracefully as possible. He held no hard feelings toward any one, but he was sorely grieved on account of his own lack of foresight. Inwardly he admired his wife for her shrewdness.

Mrs. Scott's triumph was without a legal head, but at the end of the week no one in person than David Scott was unanimously elected to the high office, and the father was proud of the honor accorded his son.

After that no discussion marked the affairs of the parish over which the Reverend Peter Jedrow presided.

Appetizing.

Customer (in cheap restaurant)—Give me beefsteak with mushrooms.

Waiter (loudly, to cook)—Slaughter in de pan, wid fumygated toadstools!

Test of Style.

Mother—That note paper is certainly very quaint, but are you sure it is fashionable?

Daughter—Oh, it must be. It's almost impossible to write on it.

Knew Uncle's Appetite.

"Johnny," said Uncle Peter, "do you suppose I would sit at this table and eat as long as you have?"

"No, uncle," responded the truthful child. "There wasn't enough on the table to keep you busy for more than five minutes."

His Mistake.

Woman—That rocking-chair you sold me is a fraud.

Second-Hand Dealer—How's dat?

"The rockers are not even, and, as you rock, it keeps moving sideways all over the room."

"Mein cracious! I haf made a mestake, und sent you von new patent rocker, warranted not to vear out de carpet all in von place. Dot kind costs two tollars more."

"Huh! Well, it's your mistake, and I won't pay the two dollars, and I won't send it back—so there!"

Mighty Chorus.

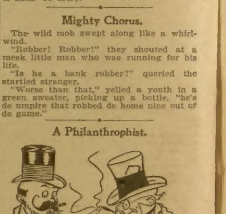
The wild mob swept along like a whirlwind.

"Robber! Robber!" they shouted at a meek little man who was running for his life.

"Is he a bank robber?" queried the startled stranger.

"Worse than that," yelled a youth in a green sweater, picking up a bottle. "He's de umpire that robbed de home nine out of de game."

A Philanthrophist.



The Rube—But ef I can't lose, where d'you come in?

The Other—You see, I'm a philanthropist. Carnegie's got his way of givin' away money, an' I've got mine.

Desperate Youth.

On the thirtieth floor of the office building Percy Pen leaned out of the window.

"Refuse me," he cried, "and in ten minutes I shall be found on that sidewalk far below."

Across, the beautiful stenographer, shuddered and accepted im. After the wedding she said, softly:

"And would you really have jumped out of the window?"

Percy Pen grinned.

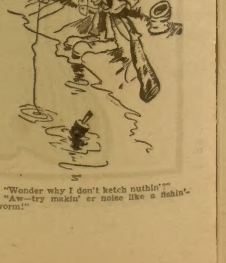
"No, darling; I intended taking the elevator down."

In Soak.

Short—The light overcoat I bought last spring has shrunk so I can't get into it.

Long—No wonder; you should have kept it in a dry place.

Finesse Required.



"Wonder why I don't ketch nuthin'?"

"Aw—try makin' er noise like a nakin'-worm."

The Tribulations of Doolittle Wright

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"What's in a name?" That is what Shakespeare says; but it is my belief, if he had had the one that has hung like an incubus around my neck ever since I was old enough to have any name at all, he would have composed another tune. I ascribe to mine all the misfortunes that have followed me from that time to this, and which have been neither few nor light.

My paternal cognomen is Wright. Not remarkable for elegance, it is true, but if it had been prefixed by John, James or Henry, it would have been in no way distinguishable from those borne by the rest of my neighbors. But, unfortunately for me, I had a maternal uncle by the name of Doolittle Tickellum.

He was rich and a bachelor, with no nearer relatives than nephews and nieces, and, when I came into this world of toil and trouble, my father, having a fatherly eye to my future needs, proposed that I should be named for him

To do my mother justice, at first she strenuously opposed it. Thoroughly imbued with the idea under which most mothers labor that her baby was considerably brighter and prettier than other women's babies, in fact, something altogether extraordinary, she was proportionately indignant at the suggestion.

I was lying, kicking and screeching, upon her knee, if my photographs taken at that interesting age can be relied upon, as ordinary a specimen of the countless throng of infant humanity as it is possible to imagine. But catching me rapturously to her bosom she nearly smothered me with kisses, declaring "that I was an itty, precious darling! the prettiest, sweetest baby that ever was! And that papa ought to be ashamed of himself to think of giving it such a horrid name."

But when my father set strongly before her the substantial benefits that might accrue to me from this stroke of policy, alluding to the artful ways with which Cousin Saphronia, another of the nieces, tried to interest our rich relation in her spoiled, dissipated offspring, she yielded a reluctant consent.

"But just think, Henry, how horribly it sounds! Doolittle Tickellum Wright! It's perfectly ridiculous!"

"He can change it in a few years—before he is old enough to have it do him any harm, I dare say. Your uncle is an old man, my dear, and can't live forever."

But he seemed likely so do so. From the day that there was thrust upon me that huckleberry of a name he appeared to take a new lease of life, and to grow younger, instead of older, every succeeding year.

Uncle Doolittle was duly informed of the honor that was done him, to which he responded cordially by sending me a silver mug, together with the assurance that "if I did honor to the name it bore he would do something handsome for me."

He lived in an adjoining State. When I was ten years old my father took me to see him. He was a lively, well-preserved old gentleman whose full, florid face was rendered still more full and florid by the snowy hair and beard that surrounded it.

He patted me on the head, hoped that I would live to be an honor to my name, repeating the above assurance—"if I did he would do something handsome for me."

I had already encountered some of the disadvantages of the name to which he had alluded, and in spite of the tutoring I had received from my father, a feeling of sullen resentment swelled my heart, which must have found expression in my countenance, for the old man shook his head as he looked at me, saying, in quite another tone:

"I hope you'll try to be a credit to it."

"Father," said, as we walked down the steps into the street, "I hate my name; all the boys laugh and call me after it."

"Never you mind that, my boy; when you get this fine house into your hands, as perhaps you will some day, it will be your turn to laugh."

Boy as I was, the idea was a very consoling one. True, my Uncle Doolittle had many relatives as well as wealth, but who so likely to inherit the bulk of it as his namesake? Still, granting this, there were times when I felt, in the bitterness of my soul, that I was likely to earn dearly all I should receive.

I shall never forget my first day at school. Mr. Bumbley, the head master, had fiery red hair, and the fiery temper that usually accompanies it. He was in an unusually irritable mood that morning.

"Hold up your head, and speak so I can hear you!" he roared, as I faltered out my name.

A titter ran through the long line of boys as I obeyed.

Turning very red, Mr. Bumbley brought the rattan down over my shoulders, with a force and energy that made me dance about very freely.

"I'll teach you!" he cried, as soon as he could speak, "not to come here with any of your low jokes."

It was some time before I could convince him that my name was no joke—which, indeed, it was very far from being to me—and then, instead of manifesting any regret, he bade me take my seat, muttering "that a boy with such a name as that wouldn't be likely to get any more of that sort of thing than he deserved."

Mr. Bumbley carried this theory into practice; and the consequence was that I got considerably more of "that sort of thing" than any other boy in school.

Once he said, with sarcastic emphasis that cannot be put upon paper:

"Doolittle Wright, I suppose you have got your lesson just about the same way you always get it?"

Though I knew it perfectly before coming into my class, every vestige of it vanished from my mind.

Then, as I stood hesitating and stammering:

"Ha! I thought so! Take your seat. I'll attend to you presently."

The attentions, thus grimly alluded to, became very frequent, far more so than agreeable.

This is a romantic spot," sighed the young man, as they gazed out over the placid bosom of the waters.

"Isn't it?" murmured the girl, a dreamy look in her eyes.

"I don't see how a girl could have the heart to refuse a man who proposed to her here," he went on, significantly.

"Nor I," she replied, with the same dreamy look.

"Then you wouldn't——"

"Because," she explained, "Mr. Gotso—I mean Harold—he—we—I accepted him in this very place yesterday afternoon."

In this way my schoolboy days passed. Nor did my troubles end here. When I left school, my uncle was duly notified of the fact, with the expectation that he would now give some earnest of the hopes, so often held out, but never realized.

But he made no response to this, save to repeat the often expressed hope that I would do credit to a name I hated, and as it was necessary that I should do something for my own support, I began to cast about what that something should be.

Like most young men of my caliber and expectations, I wanted some nice, easy berth, with little to do and a large salary. Having heard of a vacancy of this kind in an insurance office, with whose president my father's family had been long and favorably known, I applied for it.

The president looked at me, then at my credentials, and then at me.

"Sorry, very sorry, young man. Known your father a good many years; also his father before him. No doubt, whatever, of your competency. But—but, it couldn't be thought of."

"Why not?" I said in astonishment. "What possible objection have you to me?"

"No objection at all to you! It's your name, sir—Doolittle Wright! It would cast discredit on the company, as you can see for yourself. Take my advice and change it."

But I did not yield the matter thus. Hearing a well-established and lucrative business that wanted a working partner, I offered my services, and with very fair prospects of success, until forced to mention my first name.

"Doolittle Wright!" exclaimed the senior partner, with whom I was conversing, "Doolittle Wright! You might drop your first name, I suppose, and take the other. You don't want it if you come into the firm."

Then, glancing at my letter to him, which was signed D. T. Wright, he added:

"What does T. stand for"

I was in for it now, and there was nothing to do but confess.

"Tickellum."

"Tickellum, did you say? Why, that is worse, if anything, than the other—more ridiculous, at all events. A man who will give an unoffending child two such names as those ought to be indicted by the grand jury. All I can say to you is, get rid of them as speedily as possible. Good-morning, sir."

I never felt more strongly inclined to do this in my life, than in saying a great deal. But I knew my uncle would take such an offense at it, who was now (proverbial) offense at it, who was now (proverbial) offense at those attacks to which he was subject, and which threatened to be his last, It would be a foolish, if not a wicked, thing to do.

So, after various other similar attempts, ending just as disastrously, I accepted a second-rate clerkship in a small retail store, with a correspondingly small salary. This was something of a come-down to my ambitious hopes, but I consoled myself with the thought that my uncle's declining health made it only a temporary arrangement.

At this juncture I completed the sum of my tribulations by falling in love. The object of this, Miss Clara Montague, was certainly fair and lovely enough to excuse the folly, if folly it was. She had also some property in her own right, by no means a small consideration to me.

So far as could be judged, the attraction was mutual; the fair Clara, if not so demonstrative, seeming to be equally as well pleased.

The reader will readily infer that I did not bring into any marked prominence my luckless name. In fact, she was in entire ignorance of it until one of my many rivals maliciously alluded to it, and in a way to cover me with ridicule

The next time I visited her she received me with marked coolness. When I pressed her for a reason, she opened fire upon me by declaring "that she never could marry any one with such a ridiculous name"

"But you can easily change it," she added, in a more gracious tone, "and if you have the regard for me you have professed, you will not hesitate to do it."

I assured the fair speaker "that my name was as distasteful to me as to her; that I was mad for such and aged uncle, who would be greatly displeased."

Here Miss Montague broke in with:

"Very well, Mr. Doolittle Wright—very appropriate name, I should say—you will do as you like, of course. But if you would rather displease me than your uncle, you needn't take the trouble to call again, for I never will marry a man with such a ridiculous name."

Exit Miss Montague, leaving me to my not very pleasing reflections.

While I was debating which of the horns of this perplexing dilemma to take, I received a letter from my uncle was at the point of death.

He had frequently been at the point of death before; but, in accordance with my invariable practice, I then receiving such notice, I went on to see him.

I found the old gentleman very low; in fact, scarcely able to more than gasp forth his intention of "doing something handsome for me."

You will—find it in—in my will, when—I am—gone," he whispered, as I bent over him.

But, true to the program that he had apparently laid down for himself, to delay that desirable event as long as possible, he lingered nearly six weeks.

The same paper that contained the news of his demise recorded the marriage of Miss Clara Montague.

As bitter a pill as this was to swallow, I consoled myself by the thought that I was now about to be rewarded for all my trials and mortifications.

When my uncle's will was opened it was found that he had left sums, varying from one to ten thousand dollars, to all his numerous kith and kin, leaving a double portion to the very few "who hadn't bothered him," as he expressed it.

To me, "his beloved namesake," he bequeathed the full-length portrait of himself that hangs in the library, knowing that his tender affection for the original would make him prize it beyond anything else he could bestow.

If there are any curious to see said legacy they will find it in the attic of my present abode, with its face to the wall.

I have taken my father's name, though no one seems to be aware of the fact, all my acquaintance insisting on calling me by the one I have borne so long, and which I seem likely to bear it to the end of the chapter: Doolittle Wright.

He Never Smiled Again.

"The Hindoos," remarked Softun, "believe there is a skin on each man's forehead that the angels may read."

"I may not be an angel," rejoined Miss Caustique, "but I can read the signs."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Softun in surprise. "What is the sign on my forehead——"

"Unfurnished flat to let," she answered.

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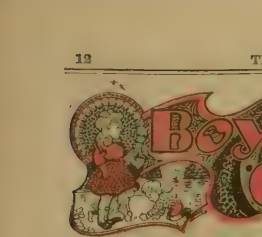

The Young Castaways;

MAROONED ON A SAND-KEY.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN BRAVO'S LITTLE JOKE.

Teddy and his chum felt only dismay when their eyes fell upon the stolen sloop, for they realised that their troubles could not be called over while such desperate ruffians as Da Gama and his crowd remained within reach.

Thus storm-bound they must hobnob together until a chance opened to get away; though if the boys knew what was good for them there would be little familiarity between the rival camps.

Doubtless the sloop had put in here during that other storm, having been partially disabled and unable to continue the cruise without repairs.

What a strange fate that now brought them together again—these rival adventurers whom the wide Caribbean refused to keep apart!

If our little company was surprised to see eyes again on the sloop the amazement of the others can be imagined when they saw the boat which had once been left on the sand-key, and later sunk in a storm, so far as they knew, come sweeping into the harbor, loaded with the crowd whom they had so coolly abandoned.

They made a rush for the sloop and clambered aboard, doubtless under the impression that the boat would be the first object of attention on the part of the newcomers.

Maro held on to the gun, fearful lest the angry bravo might wish to take it and assault the enemy without even a parley.

If he could help it there would be no such tragedy enacted there, while each of the hostile factions held a boat and could no doubt in due time reach a settled island.

How the others had supported themselves during these days they could guess. Cocoanuts will preserve life, and doubtless there was much to be obtained from the generous sea, when men were not too shiftless or lazy to work for their daily allowance.

One problem was solved—Antonio loomed up among the lot proving that he was captured while afloat, and on their part not surprised.

He must have taken his medicine from the captain, for it appeared as though he were now hand in glove with the gang, and shook his fist in the direction of the late arrivals with just as much vigor as characterised any of the rest.

Antonio knew no such word as gratitude. But then Maro was not in the least surprised, for he did not have a high opinion of the man, and was neither prejudiced against him as a Portuguese.

The Loon was brought to anchor within a stone's throw of the beach.

They were all wild to get ashore and stretch their limbs, which seemed badly cramped after their long voyage in a small craft; and as the crew was not reached and land appeared to lie in each man's stepping overboard and wading. Bravo led the way.

Maro clung to the gun, which had not preserved him a good turn in connection with the sharp, and might yet prove valuable.

When the Loon was thus relieved of their combined weight they would have a fine boat ashore and lightly beach her.

None of them felt any confidence in that motley crowd over yonder, and believed that if only half a chance offered they would steal the cutter as they had the sloop, for nothing appeared too mean for their attempting.

While Maro stood guard, lying at full length on the beach, under the grateful shade of a cocoanut, the others proceeded to gather some of the products of the tall trees, the native showing astonishing agility with his bare feet in climbing.

The hatchet was used to chop the tough husk away, and ere long each one of the party had a half-ripe nut to his lips drinking it of the cool liquid contents, which tasted like nectar of the gods, after their long deprivation.

The fellows aboard the sloop kept watching them curiously.

Perhaps they imagined Bravo would want to make an immediate assault on their works, and try to retake the vessel; and every man seemed to be armed with a cudgel of some sort, which he meant to use with stunning effect should the matter of possession come to blows.

No doubt they wondered also where the gun came from, and did not fancy the looks of it, which was probably the main reason why they kept aloof, instead of attempting to intimidate the others, as on the former occasion.

Maro intended that they should see the double-barrel, and he took measures to hold it in plain view quite frequently.

The others had moved away to discover what sort of a place it was they had struck, though not intending to wander far off.

Bravo followed a plain trail, made by the others, and thus came upon a spring bubbling out of the earth.

It was almost impossible for them to get enough of that clear water, after existing for so long on the brackish kind which the sand-key afforded them, and if nothing else turned up they would think it paid them to have found this land-locked haven.

Teddy was mystified to tell where the water could come from, but many things connected with these islands of the sea are equally mysterious, just as the magnificent springs of Florida, perhaps more than thirty yards across, and in a level country, hundreds of miles from the ocean, continue to puzzle scientists.

Meanwhile, Maro saw those on the beach saw signs of a movement on board the sloop.

He knew the fellows might suppose it the part of wisdom to take a speedy departure, though with such a violent gale of wind blowing beyond the point he could not believe they dared venture forth.

When he saw the boat spring ashore from the stern of the boat, which was anchored by the bow, close to land, and began to believe he greeted trouble.

The boat was headed straight in the direction the others had gone, and gave the shrill whistle which had been agreed upon as a signal that the boys were wanted immediately. Unless they had wandered too far away this would bring them to the beach.

The balance of the crowd followed their leader ashore.

Maro did not like the looks of things.

Six desperate ruffians, any one of whom was capable of overpowering him, if given a chance at close quarters—that seemed heavy odds and the boy appreciated that the gun he would have been compelled to run could not fight.

That firearm was a tower of strength just then, and he felt that the circumstances were such as to justify any action he might take, no matter if in so doing he found himself compelled to prove the engine good and and hard with the bird-shot in each barrel.

He accepted the challenge without delay.

Already they were advancing toward him, and he deemed it the part of prudence to retreat to the boat, for he could do that, thus being able to push off and place the open water between himself and the beach.

Da Gama was calling out as he advanced, for Maro could hear his voice, and as he looks of the gun, even if some of his fellows vowed it could not possibly be loaded, and that the youngster was bluffing, would in due time discover how mistaken they were in this estimate.

From what Maro could make out Da Gama wanted to talk, to "put down" a truce, that is, he confessed to a desire that they bury the hatchet and all come together for the common good, for the boy knew the man's treacherous nature he believed his main object was to get hold of that gun, which represented the element of power in his hands.

Accordingly the New England lad aimed directly at the captain as he swaggered on in advance.

"Halt! right there. I'm going to shoot if you persist in coming any nearer. It will be unpleasant for you, I give my word. Now you've got what you want, d'ye want, Captain Da Gama?" he demanded.

"What's the use being mad? Come, let's get together again, and forget all its troubles. We mend de sloop, so now, when de wind she go down we take de boat and go. Give me dat gun, you Maro!"

Apparently he had no resist exposing his principal motive in thus appealing for a cessation of hostilities, and Maro was shrewd enough to see through the game.

We don't want to have anything to do with your crowd, but we'll stand by the boat to the place we are aiming for. Go your own way, and we'll go ours."

The big Spaniard wanted to argue matters, but Maro would brook he kept edging closer while he talked vehemently, for the boy he took it, meant that they contemplated a rush whenever the moment appeared propitious.

So, to nip the thing in the bud, he took up the pole again and pushed the little boat out into deeper water.

Da Gama growled in an ugly humor at being so neatly balked.

Just then Maro made a discovery that gave him something of a thrill, for chancing to turn his eyes in the direction of the sloop what should he see but several figures creeping along on the flat of their stomachs, and evidently apprehensive of being discovered.

His first idea was that these must be natives belonging to the island, and bent upon some devilry; but a second look disclosed the fact that they were dressed in such garments as might be worn by the ordinary run of men to be met with in these regions.

The truth dawned upon him when he made out Teddy second in the lot, and thus he knew it was a daring scheme on the part of Bravo to regain possession of his cherished sloop.

Apparently when it came right down to scheming he was head and shoulders above the Spaniard.

Maro entered into the game with enthusiasm, believing that what was fair for one was fair for all, and that Teddy and his chum, wishing to keep the attention of the six attracted toward himself as much as possible, he began to make extravagant gestures with the gun, at the same time belching out a stream of oratory that would have paved the way toward fame if delivered in the right place.

He succeeded in a fair measure in holding their attention, for the sailors were all on deck seeing the four figures clambering up the sides of the sloop.

It happened however that Antonio of all men should turn his head and see what was going on. Maro felt very fortunate that the rest in possession of the facts, and the fact that sweeper hanging to the stern, the pirates streaming over the beach, each one of them bearing out the most terrible threatening as he ran.

Those on board the sloop knew when they had a good thing, and it was not their intention to give it up easily.

The four boys had already all been arranged beforehand, so that every one knew what he was expected to do, judging from the precision with which they set to work. Teddy was seen to forward with a hatchet in his hand to cut loose from the anchor rope, while the rest snatched up whatever weapons came handy, and which they could make use of in urging the boat further from the beach.

Taken altogether it was quite a lively rout around that region.

Maro had also snatched up his pole, and was urging the little boat in the direction of the others, for he felt in some way they throw the influence of his firearm into the scale; for he knew the temper of those ruffians, and feared for the consequences should they manage to obtain a footing on the sloop.

Bravo now trod his own deck, and was not the man to give up easily when starting up for his own rights, as defined by the law; also that fierce taste of the cocoanut range received a most savage thrust from a pole that swung in the hands of Maro, who he scrambled and splashed and shouted equal to beat the band.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Such shouting and splashing as ensued, when the buccaneers, as Teddy delighted to call his rough troopers, made a combined attack on the sloop, and were met by a vigorous resistance from those who had regained their own.

Maro soon saw that he could not get any nearer the sloop with the three occupants in time to be of assistance; and fearful lest those he mounted might be overpowered, he ordered a halt, and at the moment that it was his duty to send his ammunition forward.

The gun was loaded with small bird-shot, so that he did not think any serious result would follow as he fired, and he was doing something on the long score he owed those quarrelsome fellows.

Accordingly he blazed away, aiming low, so that while half of the leaden pellets were distributed on the surface of the water, the balance found lodgment among the legs of the Spaniards, who were surrounded like wild Indians in the little bay.

The effect of the report was even more than peppered, and something besides anger began to make itself manifest in their loud bawling. Maro aimed a second time as though about to repeat the warm dose, but only fired one shot, and that was over the heads of the others.

He had no sooner stopped to load with water were all placed on the smaller craft which was intended for the boys' service, to the shore when the proper time arrived.

The working force consisted of Bravo Teddy and the three Hawes, while Antonio and the native Conch were left to guard the sloop against any possible assault.

They could see the fire of the buccaneers ashore, and earlier in the evening it had been possible to distinguish their figures a outlined against such a bright background but latterly they missed this part of the business, which would indicate that the others had either thrown themselves down in a disgusted frame of mind, to procure a portion of sleep, or else gathered in another.

He did not possess a chivalrous spirit, and thought it his duty as well as pleasure to chaff the defeated Da Gama unmercifully rubbing in the stings of his misadventure with right good will.

The latter was not crushed, and while he scratched vigorously at his stinging lower limbs, he sent back as good as he received.

Our friends appeared to have the upper hand, and yet they were not as cheerful as they might be. For one thing, the memory of that cool captain haunted them, and when Maro heard its praises sung, the poor fellow almost took a fit to think how he had been cheated out of his seafaring dress.

They would not dare put out to sea without an effort to fill the casks at least with fresh water. This Bravo vowed by the ghosts of his forefathers, which seemed to be the typical manner of settling a thing according to the peculiar ideas of coast sailors, who, according to the observing Teddy possessed many of the characteristics of the Chinese, from the inordinate love of tea in any shape down to their worship of ancestors.

It would be a risky move, going ashore in the dark with canx, but Bravo for one declared he was ready to attempt such a thing and he soon found ready backers.

In fact, their recent success had put new spirit into the three men, and they considered themselves more than a match for the half dozen opposed to them.

Maro doubted the wisdom of such a move, and secretly believed it would be safer to sail away as soon as the breeze moderated. Nevertheless he joined in the scheme to get water like little men until such time as the circumstances changed, and they could lay in a fresh supply of provisions, without risking endangering the success of the expedition so he was just as eager to attempt such an airing, knowing that some hot-heads would surely take him for their cowardice.

The coming of evening found them in this same mood, those on the shore had started a fire, and were cooking their supper, the agreeable odor of which floated out to the watchers on board of the craft as intended by the cook.

The tide had come down to the edge of the water, holding in his brown hand a hatchet-like tool that was supposed to represent a flag of truce; that the cook was suspicious, to say the least, though it answered the purpose.

"Say, you fellers come along ashore and have some supper. We got plenty fish in de boat, what's de use cutting each others throats. Plenty fish for all, and we talk about sailing away." Such was the message he hawked as he held his hands up to his mouth to form a trumpet.

Now, that appetizing odor of supper was a great temptation to the hungry fellows, reasoning the two boats that comprised the fleet of the buccaneers, being intimately acquainted with the captain he would have knowingly yielded to his own undoing; but forgiven since his face still smarted from the blows which he had received under pretense upon him at their last meeting.

Forgive and forget was the easily forgot or forgive; and he knew full well that the other was going to do the same thing before that once they joined the family circle they would say good-by to the boats, and their chances of emigrating to Jamaica.

Having received such a rude rebuff the cautious commander of the rival company of his men, to whom he poured out the bitterness of his soul, and who had turned from the way in which they jumped up from time to time to shake a fist in the direction of the fleet, riding sturdily at anchor in the bay.

It was hard to munch away at their frugal fare while the tempting fish on the gridiron came stealing to their nostrils; but the boys knew that it would be folly to be rendered even this trial with more or less fortitude, looking hopefully forward to the happy day when a first course dinner might be placed before them.

The night came on.

It was fated to be anything but a season of rest, for the enemy, with such rival forces so nearly in touch.

Each boy had taken out something. Bravo and his followers wanted a share of those sparkling spring waters that had so tickled their throats, and as for the buccaneers as for Da Gama's crowd, they were nearly famished for the taste of water, and eager to gain possession of the captured sloop; for the cutter was a poor craft on land failed to have any attractions for them.

Maro was found much so admire in the game which Teddy and his chum were a shrewd old chap, who had cut his eye-teeth in the West Indies, and looked at the matter standpoint, made preparations accordingly.

Before the fleet of boats had come near enough to make a night attack on the sloop, Maro, who was on the watch, aroused the first move to defend himself, and strategy as soon as the darkness effectually hid their movements, he stepped over the side and exchorage of the vessel changed.

They now headed out another from the shore, which move was rendered possible by the fact that the atmosphere had become very calm, and the sea otherwise was wonderfully with the dropping of the wind.

Each boy had stepped over the side with water were all placed on the smaller craft which was intended for the boys' service, to the shore when the proper time arrived.

The working force consisted of Bravo Teddy and the three Hawes, while Antonio and the native Conch were left to guard the sloop against any possible assault.

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quarter, bent upon some desperate errand.

Bravo warned those who were left behind to be very careful, for he suspected trouble lay in prospect.

The trip in the little cedar cruiser pushed through the water in the quietest way they knew how, so that hardly a ripple resulted from their passage. Bravo had been a wild-fowler for many years in his native Tar-Heel State, and was acquainted with all the various methods of approaching the ducks and geese frequenting the shallow waters along Currituck Sound, so that if any man on earth knew how to propel a boat noiselessly he did.

Having located the shore before night set in he knew just where to proceed, and hence valuable time was saved, as well as mistakes avoided.

In this manner the expedition drew near land.

Teddy crouching up in the bow of his pet craft, just as he had no doubt done on many another occasion, though never with the same object in view, tried his best to pierce the gloom that hung like a pall over the junction of sea and shore.

Doubtless they would find the coast clear enough, and could make their landing in good order; but the trouble must arise afterward in getting the water aboard. There was always danger of the cans coming in contact with each other, which sound must of course reach the ears of those near by, and give warning as to the raid, so that they would likely have a swarm of hostiles upon them in quick order.

Then there was the boat. It had been brought as close to the beach as policy permitted, and anchored there. This was all very good, but as the little waves came rolling in they persisted in slapping up against the bow and making a gurgling sound that must be instantly recognized by any one accustomed to a life on the water.

Still, there is risk in everything, and Bravo did want that spring water the worst kind.

He had apportioned the tins around, only one to each man, for it was safer thus, and if the first venture brought favorable results they could do it again.

Under cover of the darkness, therefore, the three crept away, Teddy feeling like a thief, simply because he had to act as one; but the spring had not been bought up by any Trust, and they had as much right to its waters as the others, despite the prior occupation of the island by Da Gama's crowd.

As Bravo knew his way thoroughly they made no mistake in reaching the spring. Where each in turn solemnly bent down and imbibed vast quantities of the refreshing fluid, as though it were a part of the ceremony to make sure of that much, anyway.

Bravo superintended this operation, as master of ceremonies, and when the third and last tin had been attended to, each filibered up the individual share, with the intention of beating a retreat to the shore, there to exchange the full for empty receptacles.

It was a wretched bit of luck that sent one of the fellows to the spring just at this critical moment, a raging, feverish thirst being the motive of his visit; but all the same it was the very one Teddy as the Canuck had was in the act of shouldering his load.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON GUARD.

In the darkness of night the follower of Da Gama could not see what manner of person it was with whom he came in contact; but he was able to give a pretty fair guess, and knew that the affair called for investigation.

Accordingly he seized hold of Teddy and began to shout for help, which was just the very thing Bravo most objected to, so he flung himself upon the fellow and bore him headlong to the ground, where he immediately began to put into practice certain methods of argument, picked up in a rough-and-tumble life, and which he calculated were apt to induce the chap to keep a still tongue in his head.

It was all over within a very brief space of time, and Teddy, who had temporarily lost his grip on the water-can, was induced to take a hand, state when he found that his tormentor no longer gave evidence of an inclination to bar his way.

The alarm had of course been given, and they could plainly hear the unfortunate roamer's comrades plunging toward the spring, doubtless having guessed what was in the wind.

Although Bravo had thus downed one of their number, and reduced the odds by his valor, it was not a part of his program to stay and invite a general battle. He entertained too much respect for that big Spaniard, and experienced no longing to again try conclusions with him unless the other were handicapped in some way.

Therefore they hurried to his two companions, and they put their best foot forward, hoping to reach the boat before the others came up.

Once afloat the chances of being attacked were considerably lessened, and they could feel that the game was more equally divided.

Burdened as they were with the water cans, their progress could not of necessity be what they might have put forth otherwise; but all the same they developed considerable ability as sprinters, and finally gained the beach in fair condition, though somewhat winded as a result of their rush.

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They had arrived not an instant too soon, since the quartet was in full pursuit, coming on with the speed of a whirlwind; for it was a serious matter that now confronted the desperadoes, since with a supply of water assured, those who controlled the sailing craft were apt to put to sea and leave them disconsolately on the lurch.

Given a few more seconds and our friends would have been able to have taken their departure with some degree of comfort; but as it was, hearing their adversaries thus bearing down upon them, more or less confused, mauled, each getting in the way of his fellows.

The water-cans were dropped into the well of the boat all right, and then came the scramble to follow on the part of the trio, during which time those who led the chase managed to come up.

The giant figure in the van could belong to none other than Da Gama, who, suffering the slings of several successive defeats, deemed aggressive tactics the better part of valor, and without waiting to survey the field waded right in, both figuratively and in reality.

With a tremendous amount of splashing he threw himself upon the boat, and was about to place a mortgage upon the sailing of the little craft, which was of course just the one he had chosen by which to start in thought to manage the expedition.

Of what use were bolts and bars, as opposed to the strength of such a Hercules! Captain Vasco had planted himself firmly there, and appeared to be master of the situation.

His men were following hot upon his heels and, once they arrived to lend their assistance, the affair must assume the conditions of a farce.

Seeing the folly of pushing and tugging so long as so immovable a barrier remained so progress. Bravo started upon another line of argument. He was well versed in

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The best, handsomest and most perfect genuine American 14 karat gold plated watch ever offered for sale at any price. Double hunting case, richly engraved, guaranteed to keep perfect time and wear with the very best accuracy, positively guaranteed for 20 years, stem wind and stem set, accurate to the second and absolutely guaranteed by R. E. CHALMERS & CO., Dearborn St., Chicago. Inasmuch that free with ladies' the watch our handsome double chain, the very latest, guaranteed 14 karat gold plated, and exactly like illustration, the genuine bargain on the face of the globe.

SEEING IS BELIEVING. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, your office and express address and we will send the watch and chain complete to your express office for examination. You examine at your express office and if or express and pay express agent our bargain sale price $3.75 and express charges. If you don't find this the greatest bargain you ever saw, return the watch and we will not charge you a cent. Write for a Gentleman's Watch, we have it in both sizes, and order to-day as this advertisement will positively not appear again. Address

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 336 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Wonderful Music Offer

Hiawatha, The Ruby City and 10 other new songs and two pieces of music FREE to each person who answers this advertisement. We are making this most liberal offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, a large, finely illustrated magazine which has already a circulation of 800,000 copies each issue.

WOMAN'S WORLD is edited by able writers who have talent for writing for the many people. It contains a host of interesting reading matter and numerous departments such as are found only in the up-to-date and BEST paper. To introduce our magazine into thousands of homes quickly, we will send it five months on trial for only 10 cents and we will send you free and prepaid the 12 pieces of music mentioned above, also our Mammoth collection of 100 songs, words and music. This is positively the greatest offer ever made by any publisher. We are one of the largest publishing concerns in Chicago and have been in business for over 20 years. If you want a good paper at a low price and want the best collection of the above songs ever published, you will be delighted. Address WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 36 CHICAGO, ILL.

Boys' Names Wanted

THE STAR MONTHLY wants names and address of bright boys between the ages of 10 and 16 to whom we can send a copy of its our beautiful 16-page, 32-column publication, which has a circulation of 10,000 copies monthly. It is 10 years old. It is the boy's companion; it plays, marbles and football with him. It coasts, skates, retires, camps, hunts and fishes with him. It goes to school or to work with him. It chats with him about his future, his ambition to get on in the world, and tells him how to—to build his head, heart and body. It has departments on athletics, carpentry, games, puzzles, amateur journalism, mechanics, photography, coins, stamp and coin collecting; prize awards in each department. It never has less than 48 large pages, profusely illustrated, and a handsome colored back page. It contains four stories and handsome illustrations and each month awards large number of valuable prizes to subscribers. Send us plainly written names and addresses of boys to whom you would like to send sample copy, with 1 cent stamps or a silver quarter and we will enter your name as a paid subscriber for one year in advance.

THE STAR MONTHLY, Dept. 46, OAK PARK, ILL.

A BEAUTIFUL RING FREE IF YOU CAN MAKE OUT THIS PUZZLE

15	21	18			
7	18	5	1	20	
16	21	26	26	12	5
15	6	6	5	18	

If you can answer this interesting four-word puzzle we will send you Free a Beautiful Simulation Pearl Ring. Each one of the four lines of figures spells one word, and the four words make a sentence. There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the four words instead of letters. Letter A is No. 1, B No. 2, C No. 3, etc., throughout the entire alphabet. If you are smart you can answer this interesting puzzle. Be sure and send a slip of paper showing size of ring you wish. When you send us your answer inclose a 2c. stamp to pay postage for the delivery of the Ring. We know that this Beautiful Simulation Pearl Ring will delight you, so send your solution to the puzzle promptly, and we will immediately, by return mail, send you the Pearl Ring. Address THE ROBINSON PUBLISHING CO., Ring Dept., 22 North William Street, New York City.

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To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICACO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. THE CAMERA is FREE. This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages, handsome at sight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friend s. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

all the various methods whereby conviction may be secured even in the most stubborn case, and the manner in which he brought his pole down upon the cranium of the burly Spaniard was, Teddy thought, truly artistic.

Evidently Bravo managed to bring considerable force into his downward stroke, if it was delivered in a hurry, for immediately there ensued a vast amount of splashing in the water, and when Teddy gave a desperate push with his pole he found that for the moment the boat was free to move away. Da Gama having relinquished his grip, as any man so sorely stricken might well do.

Gladly they pushed away from the scene of disturbance.

That the captain was not drowned or even seriously injured beyond that temporary stroke of paralysis they presently had strong evidence when they heard his bull-like voice raised in denouncing his luckless crew for not having been on hand when most needed.

Teddy hoped they had seen the last of the ruffian; but so long as they were driven from one cause or another to remain within biscuit-toss of the shore where he held forth, he knew there must be a constant fear of further efforts on the part of the Spaniard looking toward reprisal; nor was in a fine humor to cut their throats, or do something equally fatal to all, if so the fortunes of war would only turn the tables for a brief spell.

In the darkness they could not immediately find the other boat, for Maro, hearing the signs of trouble, had been fit to change the sloop's anchorage. However, a hail across the water eventually took them in the right quarter, and the two forces were once again united.

The loud voices ashore had now ceased.

Perhaps the disconsolate Da Gama was having his bruised head bandaged, or was nursing under the homeopathic principle that "like is cured by like," he may have been cudgeling his brains in the endeavor to suggest a way whereby long-delayed victory might be obtained over those who held the fort so valiantly.

Really this was a most extraordinary termination to the adventure of being cast away on a land-locked reef. Teddy remembered that Robinson Crusoe after leaving his famous island, went through with some astonishing mishaps while traveling overland, being chased by wolves and attacked by bands of murderous desert Tartars.

No doubt it was all in the game, and according to the book.

All he wished now was that the breeze would spring up from some quarter, the coast perceived, and allow them to sail away from this dangerous community, where a savage old gentleman schemed toward their undoing.

No one thought of sleep, though they found plenty of room now in which to stretch themselves out, should the notion come, for during the long night while the boys had possession of their own craft.

Da Gama treated himself to sundry swigs at the water-can, and announced his appreciation of the draught in language quite as fervent as the occasion seemed to call for. Indeed, he declared it the sweetest liquid refreshment that had ever passed his lips; which could of course be taken with a grain of allowance, considering his famished condition at the time.

Every and anon they turned anxious eyes toward the shore, wondering what their enemies might be doing. The darkness seemed to conceal them, and that was utterly impossible to see a single object moving in the gloom on the companion that reared their feathery fronds high up in air.

Several times the boys thought they heard voices, but could not make sure, since it might have been some bird of the night, or possibly a fox, that had visited this inland bit of the salty seas.

The fact that they seen of the Spaniard had convinced them that he was a man who hated to give up any cherished object, and especially if it be the one concerned more his future welfare; so according to their minds the revenge which he must have already received, instead of chastening him, would serve to arouse the fighting blood to its utmost limit.

Would they swim out to assail those on the boats?

Remembering what manner of sharks inhabited the waters, Teddy was inclined to doubt this, though he realized how such a desperate peril might drive a man as desperate as the buccaneer chief.

Morning finally broke, to the wish of his hand all the time, and Maro did not neglect to keep a pole close by, with which he hoped to push the light craft out of danger should trouble spring upon them, rather than use it as a weapon of defense for the manner suggested by Bravo's treatment of the captain.

It wore on toward midnight.

The stars glowed in the clear heavens, and the gurgling of the water against the boats lulled to sleep both of the watchers, such securing some rest by turns.

Accordingly it was Maro disengaged, and Maro, who declared he had never been more wide-awake in his life, that assumed the responsible first trick as guardian of the little craft.

So Teddy made a bed as well as the occasion allowed, having turned his shotgun over to the guard, and in less than three minutes after his head struck a hard, rude pillow he was fast asleep.

Maro sat there with his face turned toward the shore, and keenly on the alert for signs of trouble.

Now and then he heard a movement aboard the sloop, which he could see close by, and from this he understood that Bravo was not deluding himself with the idea that further trouble was impossible.

Occasionally some fish jumped out of the water with a splash, and Maro wondered if these might not be the jumping mullet, of whose acrobatic qualities he had heard and read so much in connection with accounts of Florida experiences. Teddy could have informed him on the subject, he being a walking encyclopedia in connection with all that pertained to the outer land of sunshine and alligators, though he had as yet never set foot on Florida soil.

And once there was a sudden rush in the water as a shark pounced down upon his prey. Maro, thinking the long-expected surprise was coming, made a move with the gun, but recognized the probable cause of the disturbance in time to check his hand. While Teddy slumbered through it all, in blissful unconsciousness of danger.

Oh! for a puff of air, to indicate that the breeze really meant to favor them; but an hour passed, and the sea was as motionless as dead as dead could be, and it would appear that until there came the mighty god expect any change.

There were many chances out of ten that it would come when the sun rose above the horizon, as Maro well knew, he being in possession of a good deal of varieties of weather as found along the coast.

When the Spaniard discovered the Spanish captain was plotting further trouble they were not far enough from him to feel that visions could not admit himself defeated so long as a single chance remained whereby he could again secure victory.

He considered no difficulties too severe if by undertaking such prospect he might find an opportunity to eventually win out.

This will be borne out by the discovery of some timber that had been washed ashore from the wreck of a lumber vessel suggested an idea which he carried out with his henchmen were putting into practice, taking their time and working with extreme caution in order not to give the alarm.

Besides, the fact that daylight has ever marked those of his breed, Da Gama knew how the still, small hours of the early morning are better suited for the attack than any other time, since men at such times are more apt to be overcome by the drowsy god of slumber.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this thrilling story of adventure. Cameras and patterns are still being forwarded free to each subscriber. See advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Borrower.

He's as friendly a chap as I know—
With goodsby smile, as he would
His way through the world, he's ever alert
In keeping in touch with his friends.

Not an Easy Thing to Do.

She—Poor Jones, I understand, left a widow.

He—He did? Well, he must have sneaked off when she wasn't looking. I tell you a widow's a pretty hard thing to get away from.

Notable People.

John Bright had a curious method of guarding against any failure of memory or language in his public speeches. When he had to deliver a speech of importance he wrote a sort of essay on the subject and tore it up. He then wrote another and treated it the same way, and finally a third. In this way he considered that he had not only exhausted his own thoughts upon the matter in hand but had gained much a command over the language in which it could be expressed that he could never be at a loss for the right word.

Geronimo, the famous old Apache chief, is still in good health, although he is very aged. His home is ten miles from Lawton, Okla., yet he usually walks to and from the place to do his trading. He is often asked to give an exhibition of his skill as a marksman with bow and arrow. This he readily consents to do provided a nickel is made the target and it is to become his own in case he hits it.

Emperor Francis Joseph, whose favorite sport is chamois hunting, recently shot his two thousandth chamois.

Same in Substance.

Customer—Have you the book entitled, "Battles I Have Been In"?

Clerk—No'm, but I can give you the "Memoirs of a married Man."

He'd Been Looking On.

Mrs. Hayseed (in the Stock Exchange)—Good handsel, I never heard such a racket! How do folks think in all this noise?

Mr. Hayseed—Think? They don't try to think. They just buy and sell like mad for a few hours, and then go home and figure up to see whether they are rich or ruined.

A Delicate Point.

Magistrate—You are charged with hugging and kissing women against their will. Prisoner—I was drunk, your Honor, that I couldn't tell a pretty woman from an ugly one.

"That is no excuse."

"No, but it explains why they objected."

No Broken Promises.

Rector—For once, a promise made at the marriage altar is likely to be kept.

Wife—To what do you refer?

Rector—At a wedding this morning, I got the questions mixed—and it was the groom who promised to "love, honor and obey."

I Cure Women
OF FEMALE DISEASES AND PILES

I Will Cure You So That You Will Stay Cured—Women No Longer Need Submit to Embarrassing Examinations and Big Doctor Bills.

To Show Good Faith, and to Prove to You That I Can Cure You I Will Send Free a Package of My Remedy to Every Sufferer.

I hold the secret of a discovery which has never failed to cure women of piles or female weakness. Falling of the womb, painful menstrual periods, leucorrhea, granulation, ulceration, etc., are very readily cured by my treatment.

I now offer this priceless secret to the women of America, knowing that it will always relieve one, no matter how long you have suffered or how many doctors have failed.

I do not ask any sufferer to take any unsupported word for this, although it is true as printed. If you will send me your name and address, I will send you a full package free by return mail. I will show you that you can be cured. The first trial will convince the most skeptical.

Don't sit down and write me for it right now. Mrs. Cora B. Allen, P. O. Box 96 Kokomo, Ind.

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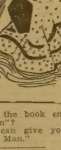
CURE YOURSELF!



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Don't destroy your manhood by secret habits. My new Patented Electric Manhood Protector assists you to overcome all such habits and restores recently cures lost vitality, varicocele, weakening drains and impotency. Gives you full vigor, full size, strength and vigor.

By my method no section can be worn undetected. I will send it on trial to men only. Endorsed by physicians. No drugs. Send no C. O. D. trash. Write me. Illustrated book free. Sent in plain sealed envelope. Strictest confidence observed.

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This **"Relax" Fountain Syringe.** Best Quite Syringe Made. Best Vaginal and Rectal Syringe. Best Nursing Syringe. Best Hygienic Syringe. Best Everywhere. Regular price $2.00. Given away free for a limited time to introduce our Vaginal and Rectal Ointment and Suppositories. Write for Free Book on Women's Ailments—Maiden-Tone.

Remember that the Ointment and most perfect cure for all Womb Trouble and Female Complaints, Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Ulceration, Pain, Itching, Bearing-down Feeling, Nervousness, Sleeplessness all yield relief by ill health, quick birth, female weakness, Backache, Kidney Trouble and Constipation. Address RELAX REMEDY CO., Evanston, Ill.

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Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison

Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling, write for proof of cures.

Cook Remedy Co.

1703 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill. 500 Trade Bldg.

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Makes "Old Men" Boys Again

Free receipt that restores youthful vitality in men of all ages can now be had of the discoverer without Cost—Cures nervous debility, Sprostatic troubles, emissions, etc., and restores normal nerve-power almost instantly.

FULL DIRECTIONS FOR HOME CURE

Now that they have found a new ingredient that makes cures in 30 per cent more than formerly and practically gives the de-

sired effect over night the Dr. Knapp Medical Co. of Detroit, the world's greatest authorities on the cure of vital weakness, want every weak man to write for their free receipt that does this wonderful good, and full directions how to cure himself privately at home. There is no man so old that this receipt will not make him feel like a youngster again; and middle-aged men who think their best days are past will have a happy surprise in store for them. It is a blessing for every man or boy who is not as good as he used to be, and the effect will be equally satisfactory and quick.

From what those who have used it say, a man can expect the change in less than 24 hours and a perfect cure in a short time. It cures nervous debility, lost manhood, nightly emissions, varicocele, prostatic stricture, lack of power, exhausting drains and cures it permanently so they stay cured. It acts directly on the muscular tissues, mucous membranes, nerves and glands, and the effect is a comforting one indeed.

If you can make use of a receipt that brings about such happy results send your name and address today to the Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 2227 Huff Building, Detroit, Mich., and it will be sent you by return mail together with directions for a private home cure and a booklet explaining fully your disease, all in an unmarked package.

Let there be no delay.

RODS Rod boasting gold and silver, best trans-mission, etc., guaranteed, circulars 5 cents. Address Dallas Manufg Co., Box 33, Dallas, Texas.

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War.

Gunpowder has spoiled war. War was always detrimental to the solid interests of mankind. But in old times it was good for something: it painted well, sung divinely, furnished finds. But invisible butchery, under a pall of smoke a furlong thick, what is any better for that?—Charles Reade.

As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.—Gibbon.

Mad wars destroy in one year the works of many years of peace.—Benjamin Franklin.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Pain in Passion, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless home that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. I have nothing to sell. This is a case of woman helping woman. I send it Free. Address Mrs. A. Rudard-South Bend, Ind.

Bad Luck to Turn Back.

Mollie Shawley believes in omens. She works for Mrs. Jeff Sizemore of Marion, Ind., or did until recently. Mrs. Sizemore also believes in omens and signs and things.

Mrs. Sizemore was upstairs the other morning. She started down. At the same time Mollie started up.

"Go back!" shouted Mrs. Sizemore. "It's bad luck to pass on a stairway."

"I won't go back," answered Mollie. "It's bad luck to turn back after you start upstairs."

"I say you will go back," said Mrs. Sizemore in threatening voice.

"I say I will not go back," retorted Mollie.

They "mixed." Women, hairpins, dustpans, brooms and other household articles were so thick they were indistinguishable.

When the breeze had blown over and the police took Mollie to jail, where she displayed a badly disfigured countenance, she said: "I wouldn't turn back for her. I turned back for a woman in Louisville, where I worked once before, and the next day my husband got a divorce from me."

Modern Woman's Club.

"We shall neglect nothing!" shouted the presidentess of Free Woman Club.

"How about husbands, babies and dishes?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, they're nothing."

More or Less.

Biggs—Puffkins regards himself as the one man in a thousand.

Diggs—Is that all? I though he regarded himself as the other 999.

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The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. These patterns are furnished by us FREE to our readers. Any pattern illustrated below will be sent free of charge to any address on receipt of this coupon and TEN CENTS to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 10 weeks and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal, and we advise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what we send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

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4741 FINE GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.
4747 SHORT WAIST 4630 (STYLE 32-40) BUST
4746 BUSTER BROWN COAT SUIT, 2-8 YRS.
4749 PLEATED BOLERO SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.
4736 WAIST WITH POINTED YOKE COLLAR 32-40 BUST.
4745 BATHING COSTUME 32 TO BUST
4703 GIRLS BLOUSE COSTUME, 6-12 YRS.
4748 GIRLS BLOUSE COSTUME, 6-12 YRS
4760 NEGLIGEE GOWN, 32-40 BUST.
4740 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST.
4739 WALKING SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.
4762 BOX COAT 32-40 BUST.
4737 PLAITED BLOUSE ETON 32-40 BUST.
4761 PLAITED BOLERO 32-40 BUST
4743 FANCY YOKES 32-40 BUST.
4753 BLOUSE WAIST WITH BOLERO 32-40 BUST
4756 NINE GORED SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST
4766 MISSES BLOUSE WAIST, 13-16 YRS

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Uncle Sam, in the person of ten of his government officials, is always in charge of every department of our distillery. During the entire process of distillation, after the whiskey is stored in barrels in our warehouses, during the seven years it remains there, from the very grain we buy to the whiskey you get, Uncle Sam is constantly on the watch. We dare not take a gallon of our own whiskey from our own warehouse unless he says it's all right. And when he does say so, that whiskey goes direct to you, with all its original strength, richness and flavor, carrying a UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLERY GUARANTEE OF PURITY and AGE, and saving the dealers' enormous profits. That's why HAYNER WHISKEY is the best for medicinal purposes. That's why it is preferred for other uses. That's why we have over a quarter of a million satisfied customers. That's why YOU should try it. Your money back if you're not satisfied.

Direct from our distillery to YOU

Saves Dealers' Profits! Prevents Adulteration!

HAYNER WHISKEY

PURE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID.

We will send you FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES of HAYNER'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE for $3.20, and we will pay the express charges. Try it and if you don't find it all right and as good as you ever got or had from anybody else at any price, send it back at our expense, and your $3.20 will be promptly refunded. We are willing to make this offer, for we consider it a fairer. If you are not entirely satisfied, you are the judge, and we prefer to let us send you a trial order. If you don't want to commit yourself, get a friend to join you. We ship in a plain sealed case, no marks to show what's inside.

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NERVOUS, SEXUAL, URINARY, KIDNEY OR LIVER DISEASES
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

I.

They say that God lives very high;
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God; and why?

II.

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

III.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

IV.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

V.

As if my tender mother laid
On my sad lips her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesses?"

Is the Ostrich Stupid?

It has been asserted that the ostrich is so silly that it hides its head in the sand, thinking that because it cannot see, no one will see it. One who has studied these birds for several years says that though the statement is not true, they are just as stupid as if it were true. Their tiny head is so flat as to leave scarcely any room for brain, and they have therefore less intelligence than even a barnyard fowl has. Let the man who has fed an ostrich daily for years come to it in a strange mood and it will peck and claw and wound him.

A farmer was once assaulted and knocked down by an old bird which he had constantly fed, simply because on this occasion he had appeared with a tall hat. It had never seen him in such headgear before, took him for a stranger and was proceeding to maul him to death but for timely rescue.

Death of the Sun.

Among the Ojibway Indians, who once occupied the lands about the great lakes in Canada, the sun, moon and stars were all objects of worship; for the red man was, in his own way, a decidedly religious person. At dawn the old chief and warriors chanted the praises of the sun, and at nightfall they thanked him for the light and heat with which he had supplied them during the day. An eclipse of the sun filled them with dismay; that event was looked on as his death, and they were then very anxious about his safety. They used to fasten bits of live coal to the points of their arrows and shoot them up into the air in order that the expiring sun might be relighted. As for the moon, it was equally precious; they reckoned their months by it. Their children were forbidden to point at it with the finger lest it should be bitten off.

THE NEEDLE BUG.

The needle-bug always is busy.
"It has to keep up with its sewing—
It white till you'd think it was dizzy;
Yet nimbly 'its constantly going.
For it and its helpful young daughter
Are constantly kept in a quiver
Henstitching the wide sheets of water
That lie in the bed of the river.

The Mouse and the Moon.

Peeping over the bed clothes to learn the cause of the squeaking that kept him from going to sleep, Leonard spied a tiny mouse on the window sill. He thought it must be a hungry mouse if it made its home in his bedroom. There was nothing to eat up there except when he was sick and had to take medicine. He felt sorry for the poor little thing and wondered if it was crying for the cheese in the moon. Then he sat up a little way, but held on fast to the side of the bed so that none of the fairies could get him, and he told the little mouse that the moon wasn't green cheese at all, for his Cousin Jake told him so only yesterday.

"The cracker jar is down on the sideboard, but never tell that I told you," whispered he. The mouse didn't wait to promise, but scampered off through the slight.

Hunting With Elephants.

Gen. Sir Montague Gerard, in a recent volume, tells this story of hunting with an elephant in India: "The best bags I made were fifty-three brace snipe and bolted one day between 1 p. m. and sunset, and seventy-three brace and twenty-two ducks and teal for one whole day, besides a couple of hours on the preceding afternoon when reconnoitering the ground.

"The only retrieved one could safely employ was an elephant, as much for fear of crocodiles as on account of the tangled weeds which would otherwise wound the limbs of a swimmer like tentacles of an octopus.

A Canary's Appetite.

Persons who are very dainty are sometimes said to have only the appetite of a canary. An experiment has recently been made in the direction of finding out just what the appetite of a canary is. A canary was weighed, and it was found to turn the scale at 30 grains, or something over half an ounce. The food also was weighed, and it was found that the bird eats thirty-two times its weight every month, or actually more than its weight every day, thus showing that the proverbial pig is a light eater compared with the canary.

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